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LIFE OF ST. PAUL FOR THE YOUNG.

BY GEORGE LUDINGTON WEED.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Contrasts in Paul's Life—Piræus—Heathen Gods—Statues—The Agora—Athenians
—Acropolis—Parthenon—Minerva—Alone in Athens—Teaching—Epicureans
—Stoics—Paul on Mars Hill—His Address—The Result.

Thus far we have followed Paul over rugged mountains of grandeur which God had made. Now we enter with him a city whose beautiful works of art show how wonderful are the powers which God has given to the mind of man. We have seen him among ignorant men; now we find him among those who are learned, but who have not the true wisdom which comes from God only. We have seen him rejoicing by the quiet riverside with the few women worshipers of the one true God; now he is saddened by the multitude of worshipers of many false gods. We have seen him preaching Christ to a little company in an inner dungeon; now he preaches the same gospel to unbelieving throngs.

Paul's vessel landed at "the Piræus," five miles from the city

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of Athens, whose gardens and theatres were the delight of sailors wearied with their voyages. Before Paul's day a narrow street with houses on both sides had stretched from the port to the city, protected by walls sixty feet in height having many towers. That was in the times of Athens' glory. But they had fallen into ruin.

Entering the city he saw multitudes of statues. Some were of men who had lived there, called the greatest of Greece. One of the most illustrious of these was Demosthenes. His statue, motionless and silent, stood on the very spot where the voice of the greatest Grecian orator used to be heard; but not speaking with the wisdom which God there gave to Paul. Then there were statues of warriors called great because of the battles they had fought, but with a spirit unlike that of the Apostle who there preached the gospel of peace to all men. There were also statues of emperors, and of lawgivers, many of whose rules were good, but who understood not the commandments of Jesus Christ which Paul preached. But more than all there were statues of false gods called Neptune, Jupiter, Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, Mercury and the Muses. We have noticed that some of these were worshiped in the Cilician towns which Paul had already visited where the worship of them made the people exceedingly wicked. Athens was a city crowded with idols. Some were very old and some new; some of great size and some small; some of a single color and others of varied colors; statues of wood, earthenware, stone, marble, bronze, ivory and gold; statues in all sorts of positions and in every place. There were more statues in Athens than in all the rest of Greece. It has been said as almost a truth that it was easier to find a god in Athens than a man.

The Agora, or market-place of the city, was a square, surrounded by temples and shaded porticos and shops and booths, for the sale of goods and slaves, and parchments on which was written what is now printed. The people found daily in the Agora were not all Athenians. Many had come from different parts of the world. Nor were they all there for trade. Some of them were idlers, simply wanting to hear the news. There were so many of this class that it is said, "All the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to

hear some new thing." Some of them talked about the different kinds of religion—not Christianity; and some about philosophy—the things they thought very wise.

Near the Agora was a rocky hill called the Acropolis. The top of it was a museum of art—a place for the most beautiful buildings and images which made the Athenians remember and talk about their nation and their gods. The most magnificent building was the *Parthenon*, built of white marble to the honor of Minerva. Though now not perfect as it was in Paul's day, it is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. Within was the statue of the goddess made of ivory and gold. Only one other in the world was so noted—that of Jupiter Olympus. Both were made by the same noted artist Phidias.

Paul says he was "left alone at Athens;" he felt as any one does who is a stranger in a strange city. He was a Christian stranger in an idolatrous city. He longed for the companionship of Timothy and Silas who were still in Berea. But his loneliness was not the saddest thing: he was full of pity and sorrow because "he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." There was a synagogue in Athens and he there first told the story of Jesus, but we do not know how the Jews treated him or it. His chief teaching was to be elsewhere. So we think of him as going to the Agora joining one group and then another in the porticos or under the plane-trees, and talking to them of Jesus and the resurrection.

Some of the men he met were called Epicureans. They did not believe in a Creator who wisely made all things, but that the world just happened to be what it is. They thought earthly pleasure was the best thing, and that the soul and the body would die together. Some other men were called Stoics. They had better beliefs than the Epicureans. They believed in a god better and wiser than all other gods, who made all things and took care of them. They believed the soul would not die with the body, but they did not know what to believe about the soul after death. They did not think as Christians do about sin, repentance, forgiveness, and salvation. As Paul talked, some of the Epicureans and Stoics called him a babbler, trying to tell about things he did not understand. Others thought his teachings very strange, and they would

like to know more about them. So they proposed to have him go with them away from the crowded and noisy Agora to the quiet Areopagus, which was also called Mars Hill. Here they said to him, "May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is?"

He stood where the wisest of Grecian orators had spoken and been heard with interest and admiration. But Paul was greater than any of them, because he had the wisdom from God. If we put his speech in simple form, it is something like this:

"Ye men of Athens. I see that you take a great deal of interest in religion. You worship many gods. As I was going along the street I found an altar with these words on it—'To the Unknown God.' I understand by these words that you think perhaps there is a god whom you ought to worship, but you do not know about him. Now there *is* such a God, and I am here to tell you about *Him*. There are not many gods as you suppose, but one God. He is the Creator: He made the world and all things in it. He is the maker and Lord of the heavens and earth, ruling everywhere and everything. He is the preserver of all things. He is everywhere. So he does not dwell in temples made with hands, like those in the city yonder, nor even in such a splendid temple as the Parthenon near which we are gathered. It is he who gives to all life, and breath, and all things. So he does not need anything you can give him. All men of all nations in all parts of the world are his children. They are like one great family. From his throne in heaven he beholds all that dwell upon the earth. You have been trying to find him, though he is not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being. We ought not to think that God is like these idols of which you have so many, made of gold and silver and stone graven by men. While men have been ignorant of him, he has not punished them for not worshiping him; but now he commandeth all men everywhere to repent. The day is coming when all men will be judged. God has appointed his son Jesus to be the judge, whom he had raised from the dead."

When Paul spoke of the resurrection from the dead, his speech was suddenly interrupted. Some laughed at the "babbler;" others turned away, not wanting to hear any more.

Yet there were a few who believed his words. One was a man named Dionysius, and another was a woman named Damaris. Paul remained a little while and then "he left Athens as he had lived in it, a despised and lonely man." So far as we know, he was never in it again. Yet multitudes who do not know of nor care for the so-called great men who lived and died in that city, remember with great interest the short visit of Paul at Athens.

CHAPTER XXV.

PAUL AT CORINTH AND THE SECOND JOURNEY ENDED.

Cenchrea—Corinth—Religion and Character of Population—Corinthian Entertainments—Heavenly Race and Crown—Aquila and Priscilla—Their Relation to Paul—In the Synagogue—Crispus—Paul's Vision—The Home of Justus—The Church of Corinth—Gallio and Paul—The First Epistles—Farewell—Phœbe—The Fourth Visit to Jerusalem.

Leaving Athens, Paul sailed for five hours among the islands of the Saronic bay to the seaport of Cenchrea, situated on low green hills amidst groves of pine. A walk of eight miles through a valley of cypress-trees brought him to Corinth, which for eighteen months or two years was to be his tarrying place. Its population was of varied kinds—Greeks and Romans, Jews, soldiers, sailors, slaves and those who had been freed, great merchants and small, and men who made money in shameful ways. Instead of the true and holy religion of Christ which makes people better, they had a false and unholy religion which always made them worse. It was a city of drunkards and dishonest men, and those whose deeds shocked the pure mind of the Apostle. When good people in other places heard the name of Corinth, they thought most about its wickedness.

No wonder if Paul asked, "Can the hearts of such people be changed from sin to holiness?" This is the city to which he said he came "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling." He was suffering in body and in mind. He was more lonely than even in Athens where he found less to sadden him than in Corinth.

There was one class of things to which he often alludes in

his writings. Corinth was noted for its games. Every year people came from all parts of Greece to witness them. They were held in a beautifully arranged race-course called the Stadium. There young men, active, strong, graceful and swift, contended in races and boxing-matches for the prize of a crown made of pine. There were also theatre shows and wild beast fights. Paul often compared things in the Christian life to these games and shows. Wicked men who persecuted him and other Christians were like wild beasts. Trying to be good and resisting sin through life was like running a race for a heavenly crown which does not fade like the one gained in the Stadium. Any one can gain it. Paul said, "So run that ye may obtain."

There are three places in Corinth where we find him. One of them is the house of a Christian couple, Aquila and his wife Priscilla. They had gone from Pontus in Asia to Rome, from which, with other Jews they were banished by the emperor, and went to Corinth. In following their trade, they went from city to city as Paul did for preaching. Like him, wherever they went, as we find in following their history, they were known as Christian workers and helpers of other Christians. They were a most cheering and helpful couple, just such as Paul needed at this time in his loneliness, depression and discouragement.

It happened that their trade was the same as his, tent-making. They took him into their home and gave him employment at which he worked day and night, sharing profits which were so small as hardly to supply daily needs. They and he were fellow countrymen far away from Palestine, the land of their fathers; fellow-worshippers in the synagogue in Corinth; fellow-Christians whose companionship was to be most precious and helpful, and whose friendship was to continue as long as they lived. It was in their house that he unexpectedly found a home. It became the home of another kind, the meeting-place of Christians for instruction and worship and friendship at a time when they were ridiculed and in danger of persecution even unto death. In one of his letters Paul speaks of "Aquila and Priscilla with the church that is in their house."

The second place to which we follow Paul in Corinth is the synagogue. The Sabbath has come. The haircloth and unfinished

tents of Aquila, Priscilla and Paul have been laid aside; but not for idleness nor for the wicked pleasures of their idolatrous Gentile neighbors. As in other places, Paul tells "the old, old story of Jesus and his love," which is new to that company in the synagogue of Corinth. Most of the hearers are not ready to believe it or sing or say,

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

But this was not true of all. Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue believed on the Lord Jesus Christ with all his house. It greatly enraged the Jews that such a man of learning and position and influence should join the despised Christians. They feared that through Paul's preaching, others, both Jews and Gentiles, would do likewise. He sadly wrote these words about them, "They please not God, forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved." In fear and anxiety, he was ready to ask as he did near Damascus, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" The same Lord who appeared to him there gave him another vision in which he heard a voice saying, "Fear not, but speak and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city." These were comforting and encouraging words. To add to his joy and strength, Timothy and Silas joined him.

The third place where we find him is in a private house. Among those who heard and believed was Justus, whose house next door to the synagogue which Paul was compelled to leave, became his preaching-place. He seems to have still made his home with Aquila and Priscilla. He met all who would come to him in the house of Justus. He preached the same gospel to them that he had to the learned men of Athens, but in a simpler manner so that they could easily understand. He believed what God had told him that he had much people in that city, and he was not disappointed. Jews and Gentiles, rich and poor, men of high rank like Gaius, and men of lowest—most of them probably slaves—heard and believed, and became the Church of Corinth.

When Paul had been there nearly a year and a half, Gallio became the Roman governor of the province of Achaia in which that city was located. He was a kind and gentle man called "the sweet Gallio." His brother Seneca, a noted Roman philosopher, said of him, "He was without a fault, whom every one loved too little, even he who loved him to the utmost."

The Jews thought that Gallio was so easy and obliging that he would imprison Paul to please them. So they brought the Apostle before his judgment seat with a false charge saying, "This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to the law." But they were much mistaken in the new governor. He told them he had not come to settle their religious quarrels: such was not his business. Paul was about to defend himself, but Gallio said, "I will be no judge of such matters." Then he drove Paul's false accusers from his judgment seat and allowed him to remain a while longer in Corinth in safety. So was fulfilled the vision promise, "No man shall set on thee to hurt thee." Gallio little thought that this scene was the only one in his life in which men would be interested; and that he would be remembered, not for his own sake, but for that of the innocent prisoner before his judgment seat.

When Paul was in Corinth, he wrote two letters to Christians in Thessalonica. They are what are known as the First and Second Epistles to the Thessalonians, the first letters in the New Testament.

Nearly three years had now passed since Paul had been in Jerusalem. He planned going there, reaching it in time to attend a feast, probably the Pentecost. There he would again meet the Apostles and the mother Church to whom he could tell the long story of his journeys and labors, and persecutions and successes, in the heathen cities of Asia Minor and Greece. So Paul bade farewell, which must have been a sad one, to the Christians in Corinth. Taking with him Aquila and Priscilla, he went to the seaport of Cenchrea. One of the few disciples here was Phœbe, a wealthy widow, a deaconess for whom Paul had great regard because of her goodness and her help to him and to the Church. He afterward commended her as a wise and trusted leader in Christian work.

A few days brought Paul's company including Silas and Tim-

othy, and Titus—of whom we now hear for the first time—to Ephesus, on the western coast of Asia Minor. From there they sailed to Cæsarea and hastened to Jerusalem. This was Paul's fourth visit to the holy city since his conversion. After a little time with the Church there, he went to Syrian Antioch, thus completing his second missionary journey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEGINNING OF PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY—
EPHESUS.

Galatia—Phrygia—Ephesus—Location—The City of John's Vision—Pagan Wickedness—Temple of Diana—Foolish Pride—Hidden Marble—Second Temple—Within the Temple—Idol Room—Image of Diana—"Ephesian Letters"—Impostures—Appollos—Disciples of John.

In trying to follow Paul in his Third Missionary Journey, we cannot do it as closely as we did in his first and second. We know that he went through Galatia, the eastern region of Asia Minor, and through Phrygia, its central part, to its western extremity on the coast of the Ægean sea. At last by land he reached the city of Ephesus, from where we saw him sail for Jerusalem at the close of his Second Journey. This city was a mile from the sea, on a winding river now known as Little Mæander. The stream watered a vast meadow, alive with countless flocks of swans and other water-fowl. Neighboring mountains gave a pleasing contrast to sea and plain. The haven of Ephesus was one of the safest and most convenient of the Mediterranean. By great roads the city was reached from distant places. Trade by sea and land was great and of many kinds. It was like that other city of which St. John had a vision. He tells of "merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet; and all thyrine-wood, and every vessel of ivory, and every vessel made of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble; and cinnamon, and spice, and incense, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and cattle, and sheep; and merchandise of horses and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men."

Ephesus was a centre of wickedness. To it came as to a fit-

ting place multitudes of criminals—robbers and murderers from all the country round, escaping the just punishment of their crimes. The Ephesians were idolaters. The worshipers in the synagogue were almost alone in their thoughts of a God who is holy, just and wise. When the people visited the beautiful cypress and olive groves, they did not think of him who had made them beautiful; but of the wonderful, untruthful stories of what Pagan gods had there done. Paul saw much to excite his sorrow, pity and indignation in the streets of Ephesus, as they had been excited in the streets of Athens. He was compelled to hear the harsh music of shrill flute and jangling timbrels mingled with the noisy shouts of revelry. He saw the shameful dances and processions led by Pagan priests, wretches with streaming hair and wild cries shaking their torches of pine, and inciting men to the vilest deeds.

The city itself was called “the most magnificent of the magnificent cities of Asia.” It had a wonderful history of which we cannot here tell. But we must speak of that which was called its chief glory.

When Paul on his second tour approached Ephesus by sea, he saw from afar a glittering object like a star shining above the city; and now as he came toward the city by land in the opposite direction the same brilliant beauty rose before him the second time. It was the temple of the goddess Diana. A former one had been burned by Herostratus, an Ephesian whose foolish pride made him do even a mean thing that his name might find a place in history. “Verily he hath his reward”—a poor one indeed. He did it on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great: but neither name tells of true greatness such as belongs to Paul.

The Ephesians wanted to rebuild the temple in great grandeur with marble, for which they were in search. This beautiful stone was near by, but the quarry had long been hidden in Mount Prion. On it one day a shepherd named Pixodorus was feeding his flock. Two of his rams were fighting. One of them rushing upon his enemy with great force missed him and struck his horn through the turf and hit something white. The shepherd saw that he had discovered a bed of marble. He ran with a piece of it to the city and showed his prize. He received a reward for his discovery, and

at his death honors such as the people gave to their gods. And so the marble, which God had made pure and white—reminding us of his holiness—was used in building a temple for unholy worship to an idol.

In the planning and building of it, the wisest architects were employed. The cost was very great: so was the interest in it. Countries around sent large sums of money, Women of Ephesus sold their jewels to honor their goddess. One generation after another watched its building, until the seventh saw its completion, at the end of two hundred and twenty years. It was not only the crowning glory of Ephesus, but was known as one of the Seven Wonders of the world—well deserving the name. In size it was immense, being four hundred and twenty-five feet in length and two hundred and twenty in breadth. There was a row of one hundred and twenty-seven columns of marble, each weighing one hundred and fifty tons, and each the gift of a king. Thirty-six of them were beautifully carved and colored. Part of the temple was open to the sky. The roof was made of cedar, supported by columns of green jasper which rested on marble bases. On these pillars were hung gifts of priceless value. They were votive offerings promised to the goddess Diana because the ignorant donors believed she had blessed them in some special way.

The entrance was by folding doors made of cypress wood ornamented with carving. The staircase leading to the roof is said to have been cut from a single vine from the Island of Cyprus. Within the temple were decorations of cedar, cypress, gold, jewels and precious stones; carved by the most skilful artists. There were pictures by the greatest Grecian painters. One of these by Apelles was a likeness of Alexander the Great, claimed to be equal in value to nearly \$200,000. Among the statues was one made of pure gold. The Ephesians were always adding new decorations to their temple, especially statues and pictures.

At one end of the temple stood an altar adorned by the chisel of the great Greek sculptor Praxiteles. Behind it hung a rich purple curtain in many folds. Behind the curtain was the idol room, which to the worshipers of Diana was like the Holy of Holies in the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem. Behind the idol room was

another believed to be under the protection of the goddess, and so the safest place in the world for any amount of riches. Within it were kept the treasures of Western Asia.

The Ephesians claimed that the idol was an image that fell down from heaven. How different this from the declaration of Jesus, "I came down from heaven. I came forth from the Father and am come into the world."

It is uncertain of what material the image was made, whether of vine-wood or ebony or stone. In appearance it was much like that of many idols worshiped now in the pagodas in India. Under each hand was a bar of metal—some say of gold and some of iron—to keep the image from tottering and falling upon her worshipers instead of their falling before her. She was gaily dressed, with a crown on her head and a girdle around her waist. Such was Diana, called the patron goddess of the Ephesians—the parent to whom like children they looked for support, protection and help of every kind.

The Ephesians were a superstitious people, full of wonder and having the fear of what they did not understand, especially concerning the gods, whom they believed to be real. On the crown, girdle and feet of the image Diana were engraved curious letters which her worshipers did not understand, but on which they looked with awe, believing them to be very wise and powerful. These "Ephesian Letters," as they were called, were copied upon rolls of parchment and worn as charms to protect from all kinds of evil. Many large books or scrolls were written pretending to explain the secret meaning of these letters, and were sold at a great price. Gems and ornaments were also worn to keep off evil and mischief and disease.

This superstition of the people made it easy for them to be deceived by impostors—men who pretended to be what they were not, and to know and do what they could not. They were *astrologers*—men who studied the stars, not learning and teaching the wisdom and glory of God therein, but claiming to know how the stars influenced the lives of men. There were *sorcerers*—men claiming power to command evil spirits by their songs and speeches and mysterious motions. There were *deceivers* of all kinds claiming hidden wisdom which none others possessed. All these men

had great power over the people and so enriched themselves. Not only were the lowest people deceived, but those of the highest classes.

Between Paul's visit to Ephesus on his second journey and his present one, something had happened which became of great interest to him. There was a Jew of Alexandria named Apollos who was learned in the Old Testament Scripture, and was a very eloquent man. He believed the most important thing which John the Baptist had taught about Jesus, telling men to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." But Apollos did not understand perfectly what Christ himself had taught. Being in Ephesus, he went into the synagogue and spoke of John's teaching. Priscilla and Aquila, who we remember went with Paul to Ephesus on his former visit, remained there while he went to Jerusalem. So they had the opportunity of hearing Apollos in the synagogue. They were greatly interested in him, and invited him to their house, and explained "unto him the way of God more perfectly." He was as ready to learn as they were to teach him. He was better prepared than before to speak in the synagogue of Jesus the Messiah, who, since the preaching of John the Baptist, had spent three years in teaching, had done his wonderful works, had died, risen, and ascended to heaven.

On Paul's return to Ephesus and so to Aquila and Priscilla, he met their new friend Apollos, who became the Apostle's friend also, a companion first admired and then greatly loved.

Beside Apollos there were twelve men in Ephesus, perhaps under his instruction, who had also been disciples of John. They knew nothing of the Holy Spirit promised by Christ and given to Christians after he left them. Paul taught these good men who knew so little "more perfectly," as Aquila and Priscilla had taught Apollos. They gladly accepted Paul's teaching, and received the Holy Spirit by whose aid they did much for Christ of whom they had known so little.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE BROWN LOG CABIN ON THE FARM.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Among memory's sweet pictures
There is one I oft recall,
For it ever has the dearest, sweetest charm:
'Tis the clearing in the forest
By the brooklet's cheery fall,
And the little brown log cabin on the farm.

CHORUS:

Childhood,
Wildwood,
Wild flowers mid the trees,
And wild birds singing fearless of alarm!
Farm life,
Charm life,
Mid clover and the bees,
By the little brown log cabin on the farm!

Father, mother, sister, brother,
In that little cabin home,
With hearts for one another glowing warm,
Gathered sunshine for each other,
Ere life's fortunes bade us roam
From our little brown log cabin on the farm.

Autumn, winter, spring and summer,
How each season brought its joy!
And in memory yet lingers ev'ry charm!
O, could I regain the pleasure
That I had, a happy boy,
In the little brown log cabin on the farm!

J. L. TOWNSEND.

Payson, Utah.

VARIETIES OF LIGHT.

BY DR. J. X. ALLEN.

“This is the light of Christ. As also he is in the sun, and the light of the sun, and the power thereof by which it was made.” (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 88: 7.)

Light is that form of radiant energy which enables us to distinguish physical objects. Light is that condition of mental excitation which reveals to our consciousness truths heretofore but dimly conceived, if conceived at all. “He is in the sun, and the light of the sun.” Therefore, what good we derive from the sun, it is God’s free gift unto us. The sun is God’s agent in the great economy of nature.

The sun holds the earth in her orbit, and prevents her from flying off into unfathomable space. The light of the sun not only illuminates the surface of the earth, but its kinetic rays constantly warm the earth, which makes it a pleasurable habitation for man. And so abundant is the illuminating and warming supply given off by the sun, that astronomers have calculated that there is constantly emitted from the orb of day sufficient light and heat to accommodate two billions of worlds the size of mother earth.

The sun is God’s agent; therefore, all the good that comes to us from it is God’s free gift—through his agent, just as we were baptized into Christ’s Church, through his agent. Just as we have our partners sealed unto us for time and eternity, through his duly appointed agent. “And he will raise us up at the last day,” through his agents.

THE POWER OF LIGHT.

The light of the sun is life. Without this light there would

be neither animal nor vegetable life on the face of the earth. The light of the sun gives and supports life.

While the luminous rays render objects visible, they are devoid of heat; but the red and darker rays supply that requisite condition. The kinetic rays decompose carbonic acid and water in the leaves of plants, and appropriate the carbon to build up the wood fibre, lifting the plants up from the earth and sustaining them against the enormous down-pressure of gravitation, which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch.

Chlorophyll: this is the green coloring matter of vegetation, which, we suppose, is manufactured by the kinetic rays of the sun—as plants do not take on this color unless they be exposed to the sunlight. And being already grown, when deprived of the sun's rays, they soon lose their coloring. Did you ever contemplate what vast energy the sunlight exercises on a vast forest, thousands of acres in extent, every square yard of which sustains a down-pressure of more than twelve hundred pounds? The earth does not lift up and sustain the spreading branches against the great force of gravitation. It is the light of the sun which sustains them as it does you and me—God's sun and his eternal agent.

Did you ever contemplate the flow of water in a mighty river, and realize that every drop of that vast, living stream had been raised by the sun's rays into the upper air and transported to the mountains, from the torrid zone, for your benefit and for mine?

Did you ever think of the vast glaciers of Alaska, and, thinking, realize that every pound of that almost unweighable and unmeasurable body of ice had been transported from the torrid to the frigid zone by the sunlight—God's untiring agent?

THE SUN AS AN ARTIST.

Sunlight paints the rainbow on the sky, and it decorates most gloriously the lilies of the field. It embellishes the plumage of the feathered tribes of the forests, as well as the enchanting landscapes of both mountain and dell.

The sun paints for us the enrapturing glories of the rosy-fingered morn, and portrays on God's canvas—the firmament—the majesty of the god of day. Its work is the despair of the

artist, and the joy of the million. Oh, glorious sun! Well may the prophet have described the heavenly messenger as being "clothed in light."

THE LIGHT OF DISCOVERY.

When the great Pythagoras discovered the 47th problem of Euclid, he was so overjoyed that he offered up many oxen in sacrifice to the gods. Tradition has it that he was overjoyed to that extent that he ran wildly through the streets crying, *eureka! eureka!* "I have found it!"

Who can describe the exaltation of soul experienced by Galileo, when, after having completed his wonderful telescope, he pointed it to the greatest of all planets—Jupiter, and there discovered the satellites of Jove circulating round their primary! With his great discovery he had verified Copernicus, justified his disciples, and confounded the fanatics. No wonder that he could not hold his peace, though his very life should pay the penalty. Talk! Why of course he talked. He could not help talking! "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." He beheld a miniature solar system, a revelation so grand, so soul-inspiring as to lift his joyous spirit above the earth into the realms of the infinite. He was filled with amazement, and his buoyant spirit knew no earthly bounds. He had to talk and explain to every one with whom he came in contact. Many enlightened people readily believed in and accepted his God-given revelation, and rejoiced with him, while the fanatics spurned his new discovery. When he invited them to come and see for themselves, they spurned his message. They shunned his telescope as they would the plague. "No; I will not look through your devilish instrument of magic, your soul-destroying tool of the Evil One." They were afraid to look, lest they should be convinced. Just as thousands refuse to investigate the revelation of the prophet of the last days for fear of being converted. "They love darkness rather than light."

THE LIGHT OF EDUCATION.

It lifts its votaries out of savagery into civilization. In the savage tribe everybody does everything that anybody else does, and nobody does anything in advance of his neighbor. With the edu-

cated community, every man is expected to know a little of everything and everything about something. The educated man specializes. Each man perfect in his line, and the community, segregated, attains to greatest advancement. But why dwell upon this theme? This truth is so sufficiently self-evident that the illustration becomes superfluous.

THE LIGHT OF RELIGION.

It may be, and no doubt is, called in question by many ungrateful persons, but not by many of the class of young men by whom this article is likely to be read.

"And if your eye be single to my glory, your whole bodies shall be filled with light, and there shall be no darkness in you, and that body which is filled with light comprehendeth all things." (Doctrine and Covenants, 88: 67.)

What glorious promise the Father makes to those who love him! "Your whole bodies shall be filled with light." We are responsible unto God for the light that shines upon us, which light should shine in us, and radiate from us. "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel. That others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Our every day life is a testimony either for God, or else it is a reflection on his parental care.

How about attending baseball games on the Sabbath day? How about Sabbath day excursions? How about attending theaters on a Sunday evening? Where is our light on these occasions? Is it giving light to "all around?" or is it under the bushel? Who among our acquaintance will glorify our Father the more for witnessing our desecration of the Sabbath day? Boys, do not put your light under a bushel. It does not pay. "The wages of sin is death." May the light of the Spirit be and abide in you always.

How about those who turn their backs upon the Church? Those who say that they have found a greater light, to whom the presidency and apostles are under a cloud of darkness? My answer is: They have closed their eyes and hearts against the light which God, in his loving kindness, has shed abroad in our hearts. They are following a false light, an *ignis fatuus*, that leadeth to disappointment and sorrow. May the Father of our Lord bless and preserve the young men of Israel.

Ogden, Utah.

A LOAF OF BREAD.

BY WILLARD DONE.

I.

Philip Blake sat in his elegantly-fitted office, in the busiest district of New York City. Everything about him betokened industry and prosperity. His desk was of the most expensive sort, and the papers, both in quantity and in care of arrangement, indicated the painstaking man of large affairs. The library which adorned the walls showed wide and well-selected reading and marked scholarship. The appointments of the office were of the best, and harmonized well with the carefully groomed appearance of the man. He was twenty-five years of age; and during his short life he had tasted most of the sweets of success, fitting with the advantages he had enjoyed from the first. Carefully educated in one of the leading colleges of his native state, he had supplemented his scholastic work with a careful and thorough business training, which prepared him well for the competition he would meet in the struggle for a livelihood.

On the morning in question he had looked over the mail and dictated his letters, and his amanuensis had retired to her private room to finish the correspondence. Awaiting her work, he sat at his desk in a most complacent mood, watching the busy crowds in the street below, and inwardly complimenting himself on the prosperous circumstances of the great city in general, and of himself in particular. All that he had put his hand to had prospered, and was still prospering. Every venture was fortunate; and if any man could say, "The world is my oyster," that man was Philip Blake. "Success" was written in large letters all over him and his surroundings.

Blake was not what would be called a conceited man. His education had been too broad and thorough to admit of that. If a

man has delved deeply into things, he is not likely to be wrapped up in his own importance, or inconsiderate of the value and the rights of human beings in general. But Blake was extremely self-complacent. He recognized the largeness of the social scheme, but he attributed to himself a very large place in it; so that he could be said rather to have a wrong perspective of life than a tendency toward undue conceit. In a man of his condition and temperament, this feeling would naturally be expected, and some people might excuse it.

For Philip Blake was worldly to a degree. To him, financial success and the winning of place and power took precedence over every other consideration. It superseded every other aim. It was his ambition to be one of the wealthiest and most learned men of his time. The power and position wealth and learning afforded, formed the goal of his desire. He was not given to rioting or dissipation. These would interfere with his plans. He saw in such a course ultimate failure, and therefore he avoided it. That a breach of the moral law would be wrong in itself, probably did not occur to him as a reason for avoiding it. The other reason was sufficient. And thus he had come to the age of twenty-five, with every avenue of success open to him, and a great part of the road thither already covered. No wonder he was self-sufficient and complacent as he sat awaiting the completion of his letters.

"O Phil," said a gentle voice at his elbow, "I've so much to tell you." He looked around and saw his sister Jennie. He greeted her with warmth, but with a sort of superiority which harmonized well with his general mood.

"Well," he replied, "you women usually have a great deal to say. I'm not surprised at your frank confession."

There was a kindly smile accompanying the bantering remark, which robbed it of enmity. Jennie laughed as she replied, "But this is so new and so special that you'll be interested, I know."

"Anything my little sister says is of interest to me, if it's the oldest story in the world," he said indulgently.

"O, but I must leave that to be told you by some other man's sister," she said naively. He shook his head at a proposition so seemingly impossible.

I was going to describe the young lady who came so quietly

into the dull, prosy office. But I know my limitations in this direction too well to make any such attempt. She was beautiful, of that there could be no doubt. And she was dressed in the quiet, modest way which men like because they are not forced to pay enough attention to the details of the dress to be able to give a description. She was quiet, womanly and modest, yet on such terms of comradeship with her brother as one rejoices to see.

"Well, what is your story, little one?" he asked as he finished an admiring scrutiny of the handsome girl.

"I've just found the sweetest little thing," she began.

"What is it," he interrupted, "hat, cat, girl, poem, or novel?"

"Now Phil, don't be sarcastic," she said, half reproachfully, "I've met a girl so different from those I knew before, and coming so near my ideal of what a woman should be, that I'm in love with her."

"And you want to subject your poor young brother to the danger of falling in love with her, too?"

"No, I don't," she said, half in jest and half in earnest, "unless you change your views on a few matters where she has decided opinions."

"And what are those views, if I may be so bold as to inquire regarding the opinions of your paragon?"

"It has to do with the old subject, Phil," she said, "on which we have had so many talks." Her face grew very serious, and her eyes filled with tears, as she drew a chair near his, and looked lovingly yet half reproachfully in his face.

He would have put her off with a jesting remark, had it not been for her expression of anxiety. As it was, he took both her hands in his, and tenderly said, "I respect your views, dear Jennie, but I love you too well to argue the subject with you. Can you not allow the difference of opinion to stand, declare a truce, and let us be friends?"

"It is not for the sake of argument, Phil," she answered, "that I open the subject with you again. It is because your being mistaken hurts yourself, and not because it may wound my vanity. In a matter so important to your future happiness, I can not be indifferent, nor can I feel content to nurse your prejudices. Your

scoffing at religion, your slighting of those beliefs for which millions have sacrificed and suffered, and in which, living and dying they have found their only solace, will tend to shut out from your view the greatest realities of life—the realities which follow after death!”

“You know my views on this matter too well, dearest sister, to ask me to argue the question with you. I am satisfied with this life and its realities. There may be a future life, there may not. I intend to live this life for its own sake. Then if I awake after the deep sleep of death, I shall be ready to take up that future life as I find it. If not, I can at least say that I have lived.”

“Lived in part only, Phil, as he can be said to have enjoyed the light who has closed to the sun all windows but the smallest and dimmest. The effulgent light comes to him who accepts the higher realities, lives thereby the full life, and knows the joys of which it is capable. He alone can be said to have lived who has known this meaning.”

Her words became more earnest, and her voice took on the tense yet subdued quality of one who reverently approaches a sacred theme: “I was sitting in my room yesterday evening, when a visitor was announced by the maid. The girl was from the west—the region from which we should scarcely expect new light. But I had not been with her an hour, until I found that my own conceptions of the fuller life were but crude and elementary compared with hers. She is studying music, and has sacrificed all the pleasures of her early womanhood, in order to follow her course. Yet, strange to say, she looks on the financial sacrifice as a matter not of duty but of positive pleasure. She dresses simply, because she cannot do otherwise and still take her course. When she returns to her people, she expects to use the remarkable talent she possesses, and the training she will receive, not for the gratification of any personal ambition, but in the service of her home and her fellow religionists. As to reward, she says it is enough to know that the skill she has herself acquired can be given to a service for which reward will come from God. I talked with her and discussed her plans. They were so broad and complete, and extended so far beyond the end of the mortal life, that yours and

mine seem small and imperfect by comparison. You build up, from day to day, by infinite toil and patience, a structure of material wealth, which in a moment may prove a house of cards and fall about your ears. Your fabric of social influence is intact, only so long as your wealth remains. Even your learning which ripens with your years, and bids fair to gain for you the admiration of all mankind, passes into the age of senility and decay, and the mouthings of second childhood. And when you sink into the grave, what lasting satisfaction can you gain from the thought of what you have been, if you cannot look forward to the hope of what you will be?"

Her face became more earnest, her voice more pleading, as she continued: "Phil, the girl of whom I speak looks far beyond your narrow horizon. She sees life not only in its present meaning, but in its future significance. Not only the work one begins and partly performs in mortality, but the relationships one forms here may be continued throughout eternity. The new light she gives me on these matters is so wonderful, and her reasoning so sound, that I am more than convinced she is right. But best of all, the hope she holds out meets so fully the desire of humanity for life and activity and happiness hereafter, that it is perfectly satisfying. I want you to meet her, Phil, and know the things she has taught me."

"Well, little sister," replied Blake, "I have no objection to meeting your wonderful friend, and listening to what she may have to advance along the lines you indicate. But to me those matters are so dim and indistinct, while I am so well satisfied with the present results of my work, that I feel no interest in them. I work for money and the power and influence it will bring to me. I want place and honor among my fellows. Learning and the prestige it gives me is another goal. When these things are given me, and I have enjoyed them, my life shall have been full enough. My letters are ready. I will sign them, and then we'll go to luncheon."

II.

Marjorie Trent and Jennie Blake had become acquainted in the most unusual way. Marjorie was a young music student from Utah, devoted to her art, to her home, and especially to her re-

ligion. While resting from her musical studies in New York, she was occupied not in the frivolities which some students turn to, but in assisting the Mormon Elders in the great city in their difficult and arduous work. Her refinement and pleasing address made her a valuable aid to them, as she entered into the homes of the wealthiest and most polished, and had the assurance of a second welcome. It was her custom to visit the residences in the fashionable districts, during the absence of the men. She was thus enabled to talk in an unrestrained way on the principles of the gospel with the women she met, and many were interested in her clear and earnest exposition.

In the course of this work she had visited the home of the Blakes. Mr. and Mrs. Blake had died a few years previously, leaving to their two children, Philip and Jennie, a comfortable fortune, which the young man was intent upon increasing as rapidly as possible. In Jennie the young missionary found a congenial companion. It was the day after their first meeting when the conversation in the brother's office took place. Without knowing the denomination she represented (for Marjorie had tactfully avoided mention of it), Jennie had become enthused with the beautiful, sensible, practical doctrines her new friend had brought to her. This interest in her beliefs had arisen from the interest Jennie felt in Marjorie's plans, and in the use she was to make of the skill she was acquiring.

The third evening after the conversation detailed above, Marjorie was a guest at the Blake household. It was a delightful occasion to all three. Marjorie's common sense and conversational skill, and the wit and repartee which passed between her and Philip on the subject of belief and disbelief, opened the door of hospitality to her from that time. Thenceforward her visits to the Blake home were not nearly so frequent as her pressing invitations.

One day a note of regret, which Marjorie had written to Jennie, was left on Philip's table. Picking it up he glanced carelessly at the crest on the note paper. It was in the form of a curiously constructed "M," strong and distinct in outline, but possessing a peculiarity which would have made it recognizable wherever seen. Philip casually mentioned the matter to Jennie, and asked

her the meaning of the letter. She did not know. Both of them were too well bred to mention it to the young lady herself, and the opportunity for casual reference to it did not come. The visits continued, and Philip began to realize that he was taking a much more personal interest in the beautiful girl than he would have cared to acknowledge even to himself.

Vacation time came, and Marjorie was preparing to return home for the summer. A short time before her intended departure, she was at the theatre with the brother and sister. The play was a tragedy, and between the acts all were strangely preoccupied. In her abstraction, Marjorie was pricking with a pin on a blank space on her program. Unconsciously the pin-point traced the "M" which adorned her note paper. Jennie saw it, and recognized her opportunity to solve the mystery. She carelessly asked the meaning of it. Marjorie flushed with self-consciousness, and her eyes took on an earnest glow. But as she was about to reply, the curtain rose on the last act, and they became absorbed in the play again.

But when they reached the open air, and started on the short walk to Marjorie's lodgings, she entered frankly and fearlessly on an explanation of the letter.

"My friends," she said, "I hope you will think none the less of me for what I am about to say. I was born and raised a 'Mormon.' I have been a 'Mormon' all my life. I hope I shall continue one until my death. The principles I have been presenting to you in imperfect form are a few of the uplifting tenets of the 'Mormon' faith. There are many more which I have not had the opportunity of giving to you. While visiting you as a friend, I have been also a 'Mormon' missionary. I proclaim the principles of my religion wherever and whenever I can, and consider that I am doing God service. So I have done with you. I do not know what led me to keep you in the dark as to my religion. I never did it before. I appreciate the tact which kept you from asking me directly as to my faith. Perhaps I should have told you before; but I saw a better opportunity to present the principles of the true religion to you than I could have had if I had named it. Will you pardon me?"

The effect of her frank avowal was noteworthy. At the first

mention of the word "Mormon," an involuntary exclamation rose to Jennie's lips; but it was suppressed. Philip set his teeth and his face became tense and white. It was with difficulty that he held his peace. Both were too well bred to declare their feelings openly, but Marjorie instinctively felt that she had lost caste with them. Before she could speak further, or they could reply, they had reached her door. They bade her a grave good night, and extended a formal invitation for her to visit them previous to her return home; an invitation which she knew came from the lips, but not from the heart. With heavy spirits she went to her room and retired, and spent the sleepless night in meditation.

On the way home, brother and sister said but little, and that little was on different subjects from the one that so keenly interested them both. It would be difficult to analyze their feelings. Pride struggled with a desire to do justice to the sweet, open-hearted girl. In their secret hearts both admired her courage, and Jennie was as much as ever convinced of the truth of the doctrines she had advanced. In Philip's heart there was a new, strange pain, caused by a tenderness for the brave woman which he now felt, in his disappointment, more strongly than he had thought possible. It is no wonder they were not inclined to conversation, nor that each sought the earliest opportunity to retire.

And so Marjorie departed for her home, and severed the pleasant relations she had formed. She did not even leave her address with her friends, because it seemed to have been tacitly agreed that the resumption of their friendly intercourse would depend on her. At home she settled down to the routine of life, of devotion to duty that she had marked out for herself. But there was a void in her heart that the ceaseless round of professional and household duties could not fill. It would have been impossible for her to explain what it was; but she felt that a work of vital importance had been left unfinished, and her happiness would depend on its completion. Yet her life was filled with activity, and her work was most pleasurable. She had neither time nor inclination for brooding.

As for Philip Blake, he could find little peace in the home he had known. Impelled by restlessness, and a desire to better his condition, he sought a new home. The west, with its promise of

larger activity and better financial returns, attracted him; and he crossed the continent, taking up his residence at San Francisco. He purchased an elegant home for himself and sister, and invested his money in business property. His wealth and business sagacity soon made him a most important factor in the financial life of the great and growing city.

In the little town of S——, in Utah, Marjorie Trent was the center of all schemes of social usefulness. In her father's home she was a domestic genius. Every art known to the good housekeeper, she was skilled in. She prided herself as much in this skill as in the musical genius which enabled her to render most valuable service in the different ward affairs. Visitors from the larger cities of the State, who called at her home and recognized her great genius, asked her why she did not take up her residence in a populous place, where better opportunity would be given for the ability she possessed.

Her answer deserves a place in the memorandum book of every girl who is led by the *ignis fatuus* of a public life: "I think I know my case better than any one else. If I should go into public life, and compete with the professional musician, I should reach no more than third or fourth rank. In the jostling and excitement of public assemblies, and their noisy applause, I might be able to find brief and temporary satisfaction; but the next moment that applause might change to jeers and hisses, and my popularity be a thing of the past. In the glare of the footlights, I might find a gratification of personal pride, but a breath will darken the footlights and plunge the house and my hopes into gloom. The idol of today may be discredited tomorrow. The work of a lifetime may be marred—ruined by the mistake of a look, a movement, or a gesture. Popularity gone, I should look forward to bitter regret, unrelieved by the memory of what I have seen.

"Compare with that the work I am doing—the work every woman should be able to do." She brought to the table, set with daintiest care, a loaf of bread she had just taken from the oven. It was such bread as proves a veritable "staff of life" to the man who eats it. With a modest mien she held the loaf up before her visitor. "Why," said she, "a loaf of bread like that may save a life. A meal well cooked may rob the dram-shop of its

victim. A house well kept is a foretaste of heaven. The woman who can and will do the humble work of the home skillfully and well, and leave her great talent to be used as the Lord may direct, in the service of his people, may well leave to the professional women, whose views of life are different, the work of the stage and the platform."

With another modest blush, she continued: "And if the time should come when one of God's choice sons will want me as his life partner, will it not be a matter of greater concern to him to know that his house will be well kept, his meals well cooked, his children well cared for, than to read in the morning paper that his wife was, the night before, the center of an admiring throng, the recipient of cheap applause, and perhaps an object of guilty envy to half the other women?"

III.

It had been a busy day in Philip Blake's office. He was interested in several large deals, all of which had been successfully carried through. During the day he had drawn from the vaults of the bank practically all his uninvested money, and had placed it as loans on the choicest San Francisco business blocks. He sat, toward evening, complacently looking over the papers which made him master of so large an area of the choicest property in the great city, and mentally calculating the increase of wealth he could expect during the coming years.

He was aroused from his reverie by a timid knock. He opened the door and admitted a poorly dressed woman, who showed in her whole person the imprint of grinding poverty. "O sir," said she, "I have never asked a soul for help before, but the night is coming on and my children are without food. Could you lend me a little money till tomorrow?"

He looked at her for a moment, and then with a remark that he had no use for those who depended on others for support, he threw her a little change and turned to his desk. She flushed painfully, but the necessities of her children overcame her feeling of pride and resentment, and she hurriedly left the office. Blake was not naturally a hard-hearted man; but his view of life was singularly self-centered, and financial success was his only criterion

of judgment. He did not realize that his act was one of cutting cruelty instead of a kindness.

As he left the office the sun had set and the dusk was coming on. Losing himself in the hurrying crowd, he took his way homeward. He found dinner ready and his sister awaiting his arrival. As he sat at the well-provided table, and said the short, perfunctory grace his father had taught him, his mind reverted for a moment to the poor woman who had come into his office, and he mentally calculated the kind of dinner and breakfast she could provide for herself and children with the meagre sum he had so gingerly thrown to her; but his complacency was not disturbed by his mental arithmetic. He took great credit to himself for the fact that, through his bounty, they could have dinner and breakfast at all. The meal finished, he asked Jennie if she cared to go to the theatre. She consented, and he telephoned for tickets and a carriage.

On their arrival, they found that the play was the same one they had witnessed on that last evening with Marjorie. They would have withdrawn, but it was too late. The play was progressing when they took their seats. Every act and scene brought back memories, the chief element in which was the curiously constructed "M" and its meaning, so bravely explained and defended by their beautiful friend. It would be difficult to tell how they felt during the progress of the play. Their preoccupation was greater even than on the former occasion; and on the way home they said not a word. Each was glad of an opportunity to retire.

* * * * *

At daybreak next morning, a demon awoke in San Francisco. It stirred underground, and strong buildings trembled and fell, the streets opened, the pavement writhed, the watermains and gasmains burst, electric wires were crossed, and conflagrations burst forth in the stricken ruins. Men, women and children fled shrieking into the streets, where they met other streams of humanity, all of them as helpless and hopeless as a babe in the grasp of a destroying giant.

Philip and Jennie Blake were awakened by the grinding and groaning noise of the earthquake. Their home was of brick and stone, and therefore an easy prey for the giant. Walls and

ceiling fell, and amid blinding dust and smoke, the brother and sister rushed into the street. Neither had time to dress fully; each took whatever clothes could be found at the instant. When they reached the street, they were separated by the rushing, frightened throng, and carried in opposite directions. Philip felt for his money, and found to his dismay that he had left it all in the house, now a hopeless ruin. He was penniless and helpless.

But the latent manhood within him was called to full life and activity by the need of assistance he saw around him. He rushed into the thickest of the danger and alarm, and battled bravely with the destroying elements, the stake being human lives. To tell all that he and others saw and did on that eventful day would be to write a chapter of disaster and bravery almost unparalleled in the history of the world. Men were dragged from the ruins of buildings, where they would have been cremated but for the prompt rescue. Helpless women and children were carried to places of temporary safety, in time to escape the flames. Shrieks and prayers rent the air, as human beings were dashed to death or caught and imprisoned, to be food for the flames. People who had never before uttered the name of Deity except in imprecation, called on God for help in the midst of the awful desolation. Those who, the night before, had laughed, feasted, caroused, and showered or received applause, now caught at a morsel of food, or fought for a place of safety, or prayed despairingly for the rescue that would never come.

It was a day to be remembered as a foretaste of purgatory. Those who passed through its horrors will never forget them. What the earthquake left, the flames devoured. The smoke rose dark against the sky and obscured the noonday sun. Flames flashed and crackled and leaped from building to building, and massive blocks melted before them. Fortunes were wiped out in a breath. Men who had gone to bed millionaires the night before, awoke that day paupers. They were considered fortunate to have escaped with their lives. The demon was no respecter of persons. With the leveling of the buildings which had formed the city's pride and wealth, came a leveling of social ranks. The man of wealth was a beggar, and fled with beggars in the streets. Rich and poor were alike in the midst of the awful destruction.

As evening came on, Philip realized that he was terribly hungry. He had never known keen hunger before. The new sensation was extremely painful to him. With his hunger came a realization of the fact that he had no food and no money. He was surrounded by men, women and children as hungry and hopeless as himself. He made his way toward Golden Gate Park. A common impulse seemed to seize on thousands to do likewise. The babel of discordant sounds, rising in the crowded streets, mingled with the roar of the conflagration, and the cries of hungry little ones echoed in his ears like a breath from the Inferno. He would gladly have run from the scene, with his eyes and ears closed to its terrors, if flight had been possible. But he would have to flee from himself, for he was part of the scene, and could not separate himself from it. It was his city, as well as theirs, which had been destroyed; his safety and theirs was equally a matter of conjecture; his future and theirs was alike.

As he reached the park he found it occupied by a motley throng of people, whose only thought in going there was to escape from the horrors of the crowded city. There they could at least find safety from falling buildings and scorching flames. Then came the problem of food, clothing and shelter. And that problem was most difficult. The officials of the city and the military officers attacked the situation bravely and brought some order out of chaos. But after all, the tender ministrations of the women who passed from one group to another, dispensing food and comfort, did more than all else to relieve the situation of its terrors. Among these, Philip was delighted to find his sister Jennie. With a glad cry she ran to him and fell into his arms. Weak as he was with work and fasting, he mingled his tears of joy and sorrow with hers.

That night they slept as best they could under the open sky, and without covering or shelter. A crust of bread, which a fellow-sufferer shared with them, had to suffice for their supper. Their rest was broken by the noises in the doomed city, and the wailing and lamentation of the homeless refugees. In the morning they arose, weak and weary with fasting and sleeplessness. The duties of the day beckoned them on, and they found therein a slight respite from the grief of their situation.

During the second day their fare was as meagre and their labors were as difficult as on the day before. Philip was heart-sick at the scenes he witnessed; and only the excitement of the work he was called to do, saved him from collapse. It seemed to him as if all the force and strength of his body was concentrated in his nerves. When night came, they fairly tingled with the work he had done and the scenes he had looked upon. As he staggered to the park, and joined his sister there, he was entirely spent. The excitement which had sustained him during the past two days, had exhausted his body, unused to toil and hardship, and a deep despondency came over him, as he thought of the loss of his property and the hopelessness of his condition. His sister saw his mood and tried to cheer him; but her efforts were fruitless. Truly it has been said that when one's idol turns to clay, all the world seems empty and false. So it seemed to Blake, when he saw the fruits of his life-work swept into nothingness in one short minute. Life seemed to him to hold no prospect worth the effort to acquire.

That night he slept not at all. When morning came, his moody spell was stronger upon him. He arose wearily and walked mechanically and dejectedly toward the ferry dock. His sister would have detained him, but her attention was taken by a case of suffering which she was able and anxious to relieve. As he walked, he mused disconsolately on his condition. "What is the use of it all?" he asked himself. "We build a structure formed of the best of brain and brawn we have, and in a moment it vanishes into nothingness. Wealth is annihilated, and with it power and prestige. Life becomes no longer worth the living. I am of no value to myself or to others. I am but a burden on the already overburdened officers."

As he approached the ferry-slips, he seemed to have fixed upon a grim purpose. His eyes were deep-shaded by his hat, but they were fixed and bloodshot. His mien was so dejected that more than one person, on meeting him, turned around and said in whispers, "That man is desperate."

He had almost reached the ferry when he came face to face with a woman leading two children, and carrying a loaf of bread under each arm. Involuntarily he started, as he recognized the

woman to whom he had given alms. Seeing his wan, pinched face, she hurriedly placed one of the loaves in his hand, and walked quickly away. As he gazed after her, and contrasted her noble, unobtrusive self-sacrifice with his contemptuous giving, he saw the smallness of his self-centered opinion. His cowardice in determining to rid himself of a troubled life, when its pleasures were exhausted, appeared in all its hideousness. The vision of his sweet sister seeking vainly for him, was the crowning thought. Turning sharply around, he walked rapidly back to the park and joined his sister. Without a word, he handed the loaf of bread to her. As she took off the wrapping paper, she uttered a cry of surprise, and held the bread toward him. He looked at it and fell sobbing on a bench. Daintily engraved on the top of the loaf was the symbolic "M" Marjorie Trent had used on her note paper.

Jennie quickly cleared a place on the grass, and cutting the loaf handed part of it to Philip. The bread was perfectly mixed and perfectly baked—it could not have been better. As they ate in perfect thankfulness, Philip devoutly exclaimed, "This loaf of bread has saved my life. God bless the lovely heart and hand that sent it."

IV.

The following day, food and clothing arrived at the temporary camp in sufficient quantity to relieve the worst of the suffering and make the future hopeful. The worst was over, and with undaunted courage the people began to plan for the future. As it was desirable that as many as could be spared should leave the stricken city, at least for a time, and as the civil and military authorities had the situation well in hand, Philip and Jennie decided to join the hundreds of refugees who were leaving for Utah and other places eastward.

There was a quizzical smile in Jennie's eyes when her brother mentioned this plan to her. She readily saw that he was determined to find Marjorie Trent. And her desire was as keen as his, though perhaps a little different in intent. And both were equally anxious to leave the stricken city.

Through the kindness of the railway officials, transportation was furnished for all refugees from the city, to any desired point

in the east. It galled the pride of Philip Blake to go to the officials having charge of the arrangements and ask the favor of transportation to Ogden. But it was merely one of the lessons of the past few days; and he was learning fast. So he accepted the inevitable without murmur. He and his sister were soon "ticketed and labeled" with the other refugees, and sped eastward over the Southern Pacific, thankful that, though they had nothing else, they had each other.

A book could be written on the humorous and tragic features of the journey to Ogden, and some writer may arise out of the general confusion and disaster, with the true artist's pen, capable of handling the difficult but fascinating theme. I acknowledge that I am not that writer, and must therefore content myself with a brief account of the incidents that belong to this narrative. On arriving in Ogden, the brother and sister were taken in hand by the relief committee of that noble city. There they gained an idea of what Utah had done and was doing for the sufferers. Carloads of provisions were standing on the tracks, ready for departure. The ground was piled with boxes and crates of supplies, ready for loading in the cars. The members of the committee were moving about, giving food here, a word of encouragement there, and kind smiles and hearty handshakes everywhere.

As Philip glanced at the provisions awaiting loading, he was startled to see a box containing bread on which was the familiar and endeared "M." Stopping the man who had the box, he asked where it came from.

"From the little village of S—, a few miles from the city," was the answer.

"How can I get there?" was the next question, and a world of eagerness was in the words.

A little searching resulted in the information that the young man who had just brought the supplies from that village would drive there within the hour. He readily consented to carry Philip and Jennie with him.

They removed as much of the stain and dust of travel as possible, but their appearance was so far from the well-groomed neatness they prided themselves in, that both were moved to good-natured laughter. Each thought at the same time of the words,

"Just as I am," and knew if they found Marjorie Trent, she would have to receive them at their true valuation, without collateral embellishment.

Philip's heart was beating wildly as the wagon reached the gate of the Trent home. Enclosed with a neat fence, he saw a small but tasteful cottage, with lawn and shrubbery in front, just coming into the green of springtime. Impatiently he leaped from the vehicle, and assisted Jennie to the ground. As they came to the front door they heard a sweet voice, which came from one of the farther rooms. They stood and listened enraptured, as the voice they knew so well arose in a simple but exquisite melody. They recognized in it the mingling of household work and music which Marjorie had told them of. To them it seemed as if such a home, so graced and beautified, could not be far from heaven.

In answer to their knock, a motherly lady of middle age came to the door and kindly bade them enter.

"Does Marjorie Trent live here?" asked Jennie.

"Yes, she is in the kitchen," was the answer. "Shall I call her?"

"No, I thank you," hastily responded Philip; "kindly permit us to go to her."

The request was so sincere and earnest, that the mother escorted them to the kitchen door. There stood the familiar figure, fairer than ever in her kitchen dress and apron, busily engaged in mixing and baking bread. Several loaves, like the one they had eaten in San Francisco, were on the table, each one bearing the symbolic "M," and Marjorie was just then completing the monogram on the loaf she was about to place in the oven.

"Marjorie!" called Jennie, in a low, sweet tone. The girl looked around, startled at first, as if at an apparition. The next instant the two girls were sobbing in each other's arms, and Philip eagerly awaited the handshake he had longed for through the weary days. At length Marjorie extended her hand with the old frank smile, and he took it in both of his. "God bless you!" was all he could say.

Introductions and hasty explanations followed; and soon the refugees were clothed and housed and provided for in a manner that removed from them all embarrassment, and made them realize

more and more, the kindly fellow-feeling that makes the whole world kin. Their story was quickly told; and Marjorie listened in open-eyed astonishment to the account of her own accidental connection with it. No scene could be more impressive than the one when, in the presence of all the family, Philip Blake stood in the kitchen with a hand reverently laid on a loaf of Marjorie's bread, and earnestly said, "A loaf like this has saved one life; this one may save another."

That evening, under the soft spring sky and mildly beaming stars, Philip Blake poured forth the long pent-up tribute of his soul to Marjorie Trent. It was not in the form of a sudden or selfish declaration of love. His reverence for her, and his sense of his own unworthiness, would have prohibited that, for he knew he had his probation to serve. But it was an almost worshipful acknowledgment of her superior view and grasp of life and its duties and relationships. In it was a note of thankfulness for the new light that had come to him, confirming her opinions, and showing him the wrong of his self-centered hopes and ambitions. Its frankness and manliness gave evidence that he was sincere, and that his labors and ambitions would thenceforward run parallel with hers.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ASK NOT OF ME.

Ask not of me, Love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above;
Ask of the great sun what is light?
Ask what is darkness of the night;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;
Ask what is happiness of heaven;
Ask what is folly of the crowd;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss;
Ask of thyself what beauty is.

—PAILEY, *Festus*.

ADVENTURES ON THE WAY TO ARIZONA.

BY S. F. KIMBALL.

After spending the greater portion of nine years in seeking for the things of this world, I started for Arizona on the 4th day of July, 1877. The very thoughts of this trip almost broke my heart. It seemed like some powerful influence that I cannot describe took possession of me, saying, go, and I must obey. If I had been sentenced to years of imprisonment, I could not have felt worse. President Young had heard that my brother, David P. and family, and myself, were getting ready to go, so he had us called to go as missionaries. We had been told that cattle were bringing fabulous prices there, and for this reason we decided to start with ox teams. Edward E. Jones and family accompanied us. We reached St. George about the 10th of August, and it seemed like Old Nick had been firing up for the occasion. We had learned by this time that we had made the mistake of our lives in starting with cattle, but it was now too late to back out. The roads for one hundred and sixty miles ahead of us were fearful, and water and feed were scarce. However, we worried along until we reached Pierce's Ferry, on the Colorado river. We were compelled to remain here a few days, in order to rest our animals. While here, an Indian who had been sent from St. George by Brother David H. Cannon, brought us the *Deseret News* containing an account of President Young's death. This sad news, in connection with the troublesome times that we were passing through, multiplied our sorrows. It was a great shock to us, and we could not have felt worse had it been our own father. We had met President Young at Nephi, on our way down, and he blessed us before leaving that place. We continued our journey to Cane Springs, about fifty

miles south of the Ferry. By this time our animals were so worn out and footsore that we were compelled to remain about a month. Before we had been there two hours, one of my best oxen that had gotten into a mudhole was killed by the wolves within one hundred yards of our camp. After our animals had sufficiently recovered from their hard journey, we made another start across a seventy mile desert that lay in front of us. We traveled three days and nights without water. Two men, one named Lee, who had escaped from the Utah penitentiary, came to our camp and traded us some blankets for provisions. The first water that we expected to reach was at a mining camp called Hackberry. When we reached within two miles of it, at 10 o'clock at night, we struck a sandy wash and lost the road. The children were crying for water, and we and our animals were famishing. Water in that part of the country is so scarce that you may travel from fifty to sixty miles in almost every direction without finding it. We unhitched our teams, and Brother Jones and myself saddled our horses and drove our jaded animals up this wash all that night. Fortunately, we found water about daylight, which saved the lives of ourselves and animals. In the meantime, my brother David had found the Hackberry water, which was the means of saving their lives. Hackberry was an old deserted mining camp, and a company had just started it up again.

Here we traded what few cattle we had left, for horses and mules, and remained two years in order to get another outfit so we could continue our journey. The day before our arrival the miners had lynched a man for killing another one. Lee and his partner, the convicts, had also gone to work here. One day, in an unguarded moment, I mentioned to a party the circumstances of their escape. They happened to hear of it, and made up their minds to kill me. One night, while I was out at a wood camp, this man Lee came out there to attend to this little matter. He would have done so had it not been for another desperado who had taken a liking to me, and who stood guard over me all that night. During the two years that I remained here, it seemed as if my life was in constant danger. It was difficult for me to understand the reason for it. I was attending to my own business, and working every day as hard as I could. However, I was not prospered

in anything. If the rattlesnakes did not bite my horses on their noses, when they were eating grass, and kill them in that way, the animals were sure to get their hind feet into the bell strap, and thus kick their own heads off. And so it went with my other affairs. The most curious part of it was that I never for a moment thought that these misfortunes were coming upon me on account of my not living my religion.

All supplies for this camp were brought up the Colorado river on steam boats to Hardysville. They were then hauled on wagons to Hackberry, about seventy-five miles east. There were two ranges of mountains to cross, and the roads over them were quite rough in places, especially during the winter time. In crossing one of these mountains, from Mineral Park over to the toll gate, I came near losing my life on two different occasions. It was during the winter season, in both instances. On the east side, there was a dugway, about a mile long. It was very narrow, steep, crooked, and covered with ice from top to bottom. If one should happen to go over the side, one would go a thousand feet below. In order to get down with loaded wagons, it was necessary to "rough-lock" both hind wheels. Even then it was dangerous. We rough-locked in this way: we locked our wheels with chains, and then wrapped another chain around the felloes, so that it would cut roughly into the ice. And so we drove down. This kept the wagon from crowding onto the team. The first time, I had only one pair of animals on my wagon, and the wagon was loaded with iron pipe. The night was dark as pitch. I had to drive down about one hundred yards before it was steep enough to rough-lock. Unfortunately, I had driven a little too far, and my team was unable to stop the wagon. We went down almost as if we had been shot out of a gun. Before I had gone far, one front wheel struck a projecting rock. The shock threw one of my horses bodily clean over the wagon tongue, landing him on his back. The accident brought everything to a standstill, and saved my life.

On the next occasion, which was in the daytime, I had four animals, with a heavy load of freight. The leaders were a pair of wild mules. I got my team stopped all right, and rough-locked both hind wheels. I started down, but had not gone far before both rough-locks broke loose, and away I went again! The team

went so fast that I could not jump off. Just before we reached a turn in the road, and were about to go off the dugway, the leaders struck a little piece of ground. Like lightning they jumped in toward the bank to save themselves, and by so doing threw the wagon into the bank, pulling us all up in a heap. This saved my life again.

My protection from death made me think there surely must be some overruling Power watching over me. My father and mother had been dead ten years, and I had strayed so far from their teachings, during that time, that I had almost lost all faith in an overruling Providence. Sometimes, when driving along a level road, with everything as quiet as could be, suddenly my animals would act as if they were fearfully frightened. They would run to the right or left of the road as if some horrible object were in front of them.

I was always trading horses in order to get animals that I could trust. Instead of bettering my condition I generally made it worse. Once I traded for a horse which I found out afterwards to be "Kicking Dick," and was known all over Arizona by that name. I also owned a mule once that had killed a man or two, and his Arizona name was "Buster." They were both professional kickers, and would run away at the drop of the hat. One of "Dick's" favorite tricks was to kick at a person's head with both feet. Several times he tried this on me, his hind feet just grazing each side of my head. When he ran away, it was always on down grade, of course. It might probably be interesting to mention one of these runaways; it was so novel. "Buster" and his fiery mate were in lead at the time. We had just started down a long, steep, hill, and the wagon was loaded. A miner, who had a burro, tied this long-eared animal behind the wagon and rode on the seat with me. We had not gone far before "Dick" commenced to show us how high he could kick. The spring seat upon which we were sitting was on the top of a double-bed wagon box. He kicked the brake off as fast as I could put it on. We were soon going so fast that the burro fell down, and we dragged him along, which answered the purpose of a brake. "Dick" kicked and ran, and ran and kicked, and finally jumped his front feet into "Buster's" singletree and they were jerked from under him so quickly that he

fell down. Between him and the burro and brake, we came to a sudden stop. The burro lived, but he looked like a sheared sheep on one side, where the long hair had been worn off to the skin.

I met what the Arizonans call a tenderfoot, one day, and he offered to trade me a pair of horses for my leaders. I lost no time in "taking him up" at his offer. He wanted one for a pack animal and the other to ride. Before putting on the pack and saddle, I blind-folded the mules, so as to help matters along. He put his pack-saddle on "Buster" and lashed his flour, bacon, coffee-pots, frying-pan, etc., etc., on tight. He put his saddle on the other mule. When he was all ready, I took the blinds off, and the way things flew was really surprising. The man went one way and "Buster" the other. I have never seen or heard of them since.

One day I was driving down a steep mountain with six animals and two loaded wagons. I had a desire to learn the Spanish language, so hired a Mexican boy who could not speak a word of English. He was attending to the brake on the hind wagon, while I was driving and looking after the front one. The wagons began to crowd onto the animals. I called to the boy in Spanish to *des menah*, and he suddenly threw the brake off, and the consequence was that one of the wagons was broken to pieces. I had made a mistake. I should have said *menah*, which means, "hobble the wheels." This one word of Spanish cost me one hundred dollars, and I was one hundred miles from home. I was disgusted with the language and discharged the boy.

My Arizona experience has already been a horrible nightmare to me, and what I have here written covers only a small fraction of the troubles and dangers which I passed through while there. It appears to have been an experience that I had to pass through in order to bring me to my senses. I had a mission to perform. I was in no condition to perform it until I had reaped the wild oats which I had formerly so bountifully sown. But I knew nothing of these things when I was being buffeted and knocked about in this way, as I believe by the Evil One. I did not know that it was God's angels that were following me and saving my life continually while I was passing through these terrible dangers. This was all made plain to me later on. Then I could understand why it was neces-

sary for me to suffer and be continually tormented. I had broken certain laws, and must pay the penalty. I had been seeking after the things of this world, and had turned my back on the mission which I had been sent here to perform. I had not lived the life of a Latter-day Saint, but had strayed away from the teachings of my father and mother. I discovered that I had my agency, but that I would be held accountable for every idle word that I uttered. In writing these experiences, and others to follow, I do it against my natural inclination, but with the hope that they will prove a warning to others.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE VIGOROUS DAWN.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Strength of manhood and cheer of morn,
Never a look or thought forlorn,
Off through the daylight newly born
 Its waking charms to see.

Off to the work in the bracing dawn,
Memory of sorrow and failure gone—
In to the task, with brain and brawn,
 A will to do and be.

The sky is clear, and the rising sun
Promises many a victory won;
Then up, and on, till the day is done,
 While imps of languor flee!

Up, and away from the wasted past,
Yesterday's dead and laid to rest—
Onward, to grapple the very best
 In fortune's treasury.

Power, and reason, and life, for naught?
The shades of night, no treasure sought?
The day made dark, no battle fought?
 Never such day for me!

Worn by action, and not by rust,
To seek through a door in the turfen crust,
A merited rest in the genial dust,
 From toil and tumult free!

Grayson, Utah.

ALBERT R. LYMAN.

IN DEEPER TONE.

BY JAMES E. TALMAGE, PH. D., F. G. S., F. R. S. (EDIN.), PROF. OF GEOLOGY,
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[ERA readers will be as interested in reading as we are pleased in presenting this original paper by Dr. Talmage on the San Francisco cataclysm and its lessons. The matter is condensed by him, specially for the ERA, from lectures and addresses given on request, during the two weeks following the earthquake disaster in California, April 18, 1906.—EDITORS.]

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

—*Thanatopsis*, Bryant.

In the placid lake, in green grottoes of the hills, in the gentle slopes of valleys, you may hear Nature's voice in tones both soft and sweet, lulling the weary heart and troubled mind, as a child is brought to rest by its mother's croon.

But Nature is no limited linguist; in range and in capacity for adaptation, her speech is infinite. She is not confined to the babbling music of rippling rills, nor to the soothing monotone of the zephyr, as it sighs through grassy dells, or rustles amid greening trees and bursting buds of spring.

Have you ever heard, and if so, have you learned to understand, the melody of the even-song, or the cadence of the matin hymn, in carpeted canyon nooks? I press for no answer to that, for I dare not think that you, who are mountain-bred, yet more favored if mountain-born, you who dwell under the walls of these majestic temples of God, have not learned to understand Nature's softer speech, at least, nor that you are unthrilled by the music of her voice.

But to another query you may reply if you will. Have you learned to comprehend, and to truly love, the Nature-music of deeper tone, of more solemn import—the grand diapason that fills the amphitheaters of the everlasting hills, when the full basso rolls from thunder-laden clouds, when mountain walls tremble and sway with the mighty tide-surge of awe-inspiring harmony?

The earth-symphony would be less sublime, the world-drama a failure as the revelation of Deity as its author, were there lack of trilling treble or thundrous base, of nursery rhyme or epic canto, of green sward or snow drift, of sunshine or tempest, of smiles or tears, of ecstasy or agony, of life or of death. Neither sweet-toned Israfil, nor stern-featured Azrael, the death angel, can be spared; these are brothers; one cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee."

In Nature's hymn what lov'st thou best—
The treble trills of purling brooks?
Or alto plaint of evening breeze?
Or tenor tone in gathering storm?
Or thunder-throated basso deep?

I love them all; and more than each,
The harmony that all compose.
If one were mute, earth well might weep;
God's anthem then were incomplete.

Messages to earth from heaven, communications from God to man, are expressed in words and proclaimed in tones best suited to their burden and import.

"On earth peace, good will toward men" was sung by angel choir to listening shepherds in the field, while a new star glorified the eastern sky, and the light of heaven's rejoicing banished the darkness of the western night.

The awful dirge of Calvary was accompanied by thunder-peals and earthquake terror; the world-stage was darkened except as angry lightning flashed, revealing at intervals the dread details of the supreme tragedy.

The discords of earthly speech, the confusion of human tongues, the myriad dialects of men, have their interpreters above. No prayer so broken, no petition so poorly worded, that it meet rejection in heaven, if only the utterance be in the tone of

faith, and its timbre that of truth. Are we of earth as consistently careful to listen for, and act upon, the words of warning, of counsel, of command, as they are flashed hither from the court of heaven?

With all our linguistic skill in deciphering the tongues of Babel, have we kept ourselves in practice as to the use of our mother tongue? Or is it necessary that when the Father would speak to us he must declare himself in symbols and signs, in miracles and wonders? Has man grown so deaf that nothing less than thunder-roll, or ocean-roar, or the rending and grinding of earthquake, can be heard? Is he so weak of vision as to readily see only the flashing hues of devouring flame, the appalling blackness of the doom-cloud, or the accusing crimson of his brothers' blood?

If gentle speech go unheeded, there shall be heard a sterner voice in deeper tones. Behold, it is written:

For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground, and shall not be able to stand.

And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds.

And all things shall be in commotion; and surely, men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people;

And angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying, Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come: behold, and lo! the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.*

The wail of solemn requiem so recently wrung from the people of this land has not yet subsided. The groans of anguish, and the answering moans of sympathy that rose from ocean to ocean, the bugle blast that proclaimed distress and within an hour made of the nation one great relief society, are still ringing in our ears.

Seemingly without a premonitory thrill, as far as known without a heralding note, a destructive earthquake shock convulsed the central portion of our California coast, in the early morning of April 18. San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific states, lay within the area of the principal disturbance; and the queen city, to

* Doctrine and Covenants 88: 89-92.

the last moment resting in supposed security behind the stately pillars of her Golden Gate, was wrecked and riven, while the time-piece ticked the passage of but a single minute. Under the earth-wave's thrill even the most stable of structures reared by man, his monumental piles of brick and stone and steel, went down even as do the giants of the forest before the hurricane's breath, and the wave-path was marked by colossal ruins. Buildings as strong as man can build fell as fall the card-houses of children's play.

Many lives were lost as an immediate effect of the collapse of buildings; and for a brief period the survivors were in the grip of inevitable fright and terror. It was soon apparent that the destruction directly resulting from earthquake disruption, was to be followed by a more appalling horror, secondary to, yet resulting from, the first. Before the undulations of rock and earth had ceased, while wrecks of massive masonry yet rocked, flames burst from many sources, as if incendiaries by hundreds had been stationed at effective intervals and with concerted purpose had simultaneously applied the torch. Within an hour the fire fiend ruled the city. Opposition seemed futile, effective resistance impossible, for the earth-throes had rendered the water system inoperative.

An army of fire fighters, veterans of renown, victors in many battles with the flames, marshaled themselves for the fight of their lives, only to learn the deadly strategy of their foe, as they found themselves disarmed. Their engines of war were ready, but ammunition they had none; their magazines had been robbed; the earthquake had stolen the water, before the pennons of the flame-squadrons appeared on the field. In the business district even the best of the so-called fire-proof structures were gutted to emptiness; in the residence sections, where houses that had been homes were mostly of wood, mansion and cottage were devoured, each in its turn as the flames advanced.

Extreme dangers oftentimes necessitate extreme measures in the interests of protection; destruction rampant may sometimes be checked by destruction equally ruthless. Men have saved themselves from prairie fires by starting new flames in advance; the first fire starving to its death on reaching the newly-burned tract, where devastation had preceded it. Such was the plan of

battle in the San Francisco horror. To starve the ravenous flames by removing prey from their path, building blocks by hundreds, whole squares and entire streets of houses, were demolished by dynamite. Again and again, this desperate means proved ineffective, for the ravening fire found in the ruins enough to live upon, until it had crossed the narrow desert of man's making to the rich fields of houses and homes beyond.

Early dispatches from the coast brought only dire predictions of the entire destruction of the chief city, and of awful horror in other places. Happily, the extreme reports were later somewhat trimmed to truth, but the veritable tale of woe is long and appalling.

There were men on the scene; let us be thankful that many of these escaped the bolts of death. True to their manhood, they rose to the exigencies of the hour. The promptitude, and unity of action, the evident wisdom of the course pursued, the results as recorded in terms of property saved, sufferings mitigated, and lives preserved, required no ceremonial act of man to make of them a proclamation to the world, blazoned with seals of yellow flame, and red, red blood, declaring anew that amongst our citizens are a host belonging to the sanctified brotherhood of the truly great.

Furthermore, before the day of the great catastrophe had waned, the work of gathering, for immediate transmittal, food and clothing, bedding, medicines, and money, was in systematic and vigorous operation the country over. Senators and representatives, collectively and as individuals, forgot that differences of policy had ever estranged them; tenets of democracy, precepts of republicanism were as trifles beneath consideration at such a time. President and cabinet, senate and house, moved under the inspiration of a single thought—how best to use the nation's wealth, its gold, its brawn, and its brain, in the hastening of relief.

From beyond the seas came expressions of sympathy and offers of substantial assistance. Monarchies and republics alike extended the helping hand. The voice of disaster was Nature's call, and with its first note the brotherhood of nations burst forth as the impulse of love.

Pessimist and misanthrope—thou who hast lost faith in thy

Father's children, thou whose heart is screened from the radiant warmth of hope and trust, thou who proclaimest man to be but offspring of the bestial brute, canst thou well this record of man's humanity, study this masterly picture of family love—canst thou yet deny the hereditary attributes of Fatherhood divine? If in this thou findest nought that is God-like, if thy mind be still shut to fact and reason, if thy heart be yet cold, thy soul even now filled with bitterness, go thou to thy den, to the caves of night, where thou shalt find congenial darkness and gloom. I dare affirm that thou didst not give a penny loaf to feed a starving child.

Dark and deep as are the sloughs of human vice, strong as is the contrast between oppressor and victim, vast as are the hosts who profess to deny the saving sacrifice of Christ, the world is incalculably better for Christianity. Its influence is felt even in hearts that refuse its greeting as a welcome guest. Paganism knew not hospitals nor infirmaries, orphan homes, nor asylums for the unfortunate; charity, benevolence, self-sacrifice for the good of others, altruism, in its pure significance, these expressions had no equivalents in Pagan speech.

My friend, think not that the world is wholly bad. Were it so, there were little of logical basis for hope or trust that it may improve. Many a human soul is so disfigured by vice, so bedaubed by the filth of sin, as to seemingly belie its parentage; nevertheless, there is life in that soul, and it shall yet awaken and begin its upward pilgrimage; and, once started aright, it shall rise and rise, though an eternity may pass ere it regain all it has lost.

I cannot believe that my Father's children are inherently and hopelessly bad. To me the world of human-kind is so good that it ought to be vastly better than it is; and so bad that of necessity it must be made better.

Another thought suggested by the recent catastrophe, if we look upon the event as a type of destructive cataclysms in general, is this: Let us ponder well before we frame conclusions as to God's purposes in permitting the dreadful occurrence. The suggestion does not imply that we should fail to acknowledge the Almighty's hand in this as in all else; but it is to be remembered

that the Lord has reserved unto himself the passing of judgment and the execution of the decree.

As a principle, at once general and abstract, it is not to be denied that evil and suffering are the results of sin, regarding sin as the violation of law; yet it is manifestly contrary to reason, and indeed wholly unjust, to condemn as a convicted sinner one who suffers under the effects of sin. Suffering, nevertheless, is the inevitable effect of sin, and the demands of universal justice are inexorable.

In the course of this mortal probation, the sinner is not always the one to suffer most from his misdeeds. Consider the case of a wayward son, one who wilfully spurns the wholesome counsel and worthy example of loving parents, who deliberately chooses the short-lived pleasure of nightly dissipation, with its nauseous after-taste, to the enduring happiness of a true home—tell me, who suffers more, this recreant son or the loving and heart-broken parents—the mother who descended into the valley of the death-shadow to give him life; the father who struggled and strove to provide for him;—who suffers more, I ask, this boy unfilial and unshamed, who buys his sinful pleasures with parents' tears, or the father and mother, praying in anguish and vainly striving to console each other in their shameful desertion?

Who among men has suffered more than Jesus the Christ? Yet, did he sin? The Sinless One has suffered most of all because of sin.

With reverence and submission, I acknowledge the hand of the Lord in this latest of great calamities. In it I see fulfilment of prophecy, marking the progress of the dispensation of the fulness of times, heralding the great and terrible day of the Lord. But I venture not to say, indeed I do not believe, that the greatest sufferers in this disaster are necessarily those who were most wicked, nor that the stricken city was of all cities the ripest for destruction, because of iniquity.

Read again the record of Pagan murder and accident called disaster, concerning which Christ taught lessons and administered reproof:

There were present at that season some that told him of the Galilæans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices.

And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things?

I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?

I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

Were this life all on which we may count for the adjustment of rights and wrongs, for the final balancing of individual merits and demerits, for the adjudication of sins and their penalties; were the span of one generation the time-limit allowed for restitution and judgment;—then with reason might we lament for those who suffer, and lose, and die.

But if my Father cares for the wounded sparrow, I cannot indulge a momentary thought that one of his children will be forgotten. In the eternity of the hereafter, there shall be found provision for reparation, restoration, recompense. If mortality measures the whole of man's conscious and responsible existence, if the grave be indeed the tomb of the soul, then the suicide's heresy is to be regarded as argument.

Equally inconsistent and false is the doctrine of direct and specific connection between individual illness or physical deformity and individual sin as the cause of the same. Bodily disease may not always be traced with certainty to its source; illness and physical affliction are often the inheritance of the relatively good and pure. Were the opposite true, we would have to regard every case of sickness, every instance of bodily defect, as a specific manifestation of heaven's punishment; and any attempt to mitigate or relieve would become an act of blasphemy.

Do you remember reading about the blind man near the temple gate, to whom came Jesus and the disciples? The man had been sightless from birth; if his affliction was the direct result of his own transgression, he must have sinned in the pre-mortal state. Some one asked as to who had sinned to bring about such an affliction—the sightless beggar or his parents? Jesus answered that neither the blind man nor his parents had sinned to cause this dark heritage; and the reply is not without rebuke.

That in some cases direct connection may be shown between

* Luke 13: 1-5.

existing evil and its cause in specific sin, is beyond question. The derelict wreck of a once robust body, now tossed on waves of pain, prematurely sinking into the troughs of decrepitude, may tell the story of dissipation and vice as to the cause of its pitiful fate. To the stricken impotent at Bethesda pool, after the merciful miracle by which the man was relieved, the healer said:

Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.*

And on certain occasions the authoritative utterance, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," was made the equivalent of, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."†

Such instances are distinctive, and in no way do they justify man's sinful presumption in treating the afflicted one as a special subject of retributive justice, nor the blasphemy of man's judgment as to the sufferer's deserts.

If any one of you has withheld his pennies or his dollars in the last great call for help; if you have sought excuse for so doing in the thought that the devastation was appointed, the stroke of disaster ordained, that the edicts of heaven are not to be opposed, or their efforts interfered with, I pray you seek repentance, for you have much need to seek. Go, carry to the altar your tardy offering, and rejoice if it find acceptance.

The signs current unite in characterizing the present as the dispensation of God's fulness, as aforetime told. This is a time of rapid development, in the plot of life's drama, a period destined to be shortened for Mercy's sake. The glory of the Omnipotent is shown in the turning of evil to the accomplishment of good; in bending to heaven's service even the madness of human passions, the murderous rage of nations, the devastating fury of wind and wave, of earthquake and fire. Thus is the hand of God present and potent in all things.

Naturally, the spread of information concerning the California catastrophe has drawn the attention of the reading public to the

* John 5: 14. Read verses 1—14.

† Matt. 9: 2; Mark 2: 5; see also Luke 7: 48; compare Matt. 9: 22; Mark 5: 34; 10: 52; Luke 7: 50; 8: 48; 18: 42.

subject of earthquakes in general, their cause and their nature as geologic phenomena. In this connection, let it be known that the foreign phrase *terra firma*, indulgently adopted into our language but never fully naturalized in the realm of English speech, is used deceptively as often as otherwise. The expression means *firm* or *solid ground*, implying a stable condition of rock structure capable of withstanding the action of disruptive forces of at least ordinary intensity. The fact is, the outer or crustal portion of the lithosphere* is a very unstable structure. This crustal shell is fractured along many planes, and may be regarded as broken into separate crust-blocks. These planes of fracture are also planes of movement and dislocation, for along them the adjacent crust-blocks slip upon one another, some moving upward, others downward, and at varying angles of dip, as the direction of local pressure may determine; the general effect is the adjustment of the crust-blocks to positions of greater stability, and the rise of mountain ranges. Such a slip of one crust-block upon another constitutes a fault, and the actual process of faulting necessarily starts an earth-jar, which is propagated as a wave through the rock-mass, much as a sound-wave is transmitted through a steel rail or other solid body.

The arrival of an earth-jar or earth-wave constitutes the immediate cause of earth-tremor or earthquake, at the place of arrival. Earth-tremors due to subterranean movements are common rather than exceptional, the world over; only when the movement becomes terrifying or destructive, as gauged by human estimation, is the disturbance ranked as an earthquake proper. Tremors may be due to superficial causes, and even to surface operations. The passage of a street-car, or an ordinary wagon, to say nothing of such shakings as result from the rush of heavy trains, or from dynamite explosives or mines and quarries, even the impact of pattering rain drops in a brisk shower, any one of these or similar

* *Lithosphere*, the rock-mass of the earth, the word itself meaning rock-globe; used in distinction from *hydrosphere*, or the water-globe, comprising the ocean in its entirety which overlies the solid lithosphere; and in further distinction from *atmosphere*, or gaseous globe, which overlies both lithosphere and hydrosphere.

disturbances may set the affected crust-blocks swinging, and start a tremor that may last for hours. *Terra firma* is a misleading term; the earth is all a-tremble.

While the slipping of crust-blocks, the faulting of the earth's crust, as the geologist would phrase it—is perhaps the most important proximate or immediate cause of earthquake origin, other disturbances may give rise to earth-waves. Earthquakes are known to be common in the regions of active volcanoes, particularly where the volcanoes are of the explosive type—ejecting so-called “ashes” and “cinders” instead of molten lava. In these instances, the earth-wave may be due to sudden expansion or contraction resulting from rapid formation or condensation of vapors at depth. Indeed, any sudden operation of igneous energy may generate an earth-wave, and this, once started, travels with the undulatory movement of waves in general.

Considering for illustration a simple case—that of the earthquake starting from a definite point within the crust, this point becomes the focus or centrum of the earth-wave. From the centrum the wave motion proceeds outward in all directions, with facility determined by the elasticity of the rock masses. At the point on the surface vertically above the centrum, which surface point is known as the epicentrum, the movement is evidently a vertical one. Outward from the epicentrum, in all directions, the earth-waves emerge at varying angles; and the actual motion at the surface comprises both vertical and horizontal factors. When the horizontal movement is relatively great, the surface disturbance is most pronounced. If buildings occupy such area, their destruction is assured, provided the earth-wave be strong; yet even a strong wave is less destructive where the element of horizontal movement is small, even though the vertical dislocation be great. This difference is so marked that in the case of great inland earthquakes it is possible to definitely map the “area of great destruction,” and to recognize therein the proof of horizontal wave motion.

The havoc wrought in San Francisco, as the late earth-wave traversed the coastal region, is due to the fact that the city lay within the area of relatively great horizontal thrust. The actual

movement may have been much greater, yet with less injury to buildings, had the undulations been in a vertical plane only.

Detailed and reliable reports as to the physical changes wrought by the recent earthquake are yet awaited. It is probable that such will show no well localized centrum or small area of origin, but rather an extensive plane marked by a long surface line along which the slip occurred. In short, it is most probable that the immediate cause was a fault movement—a simple adjustment of crust-blocks.

Regarding the occurrence as an earth phenomenon alone, forgetting for the moment, if we can so forget, all that pertains to the human element, thecripplings and deaths, the loss, and the woe, we see in this merely one of the natural and inevitable disturbances necessary to earth development. Mountain ranges are not born without earth-throes and convulsions. The coasted area is a region of recent emergence from the sea, a region of young and yet growing mountains.

Omitting, because of space limitations, the consideration of mountain birth and growth in general, let us study this fact: While we have attested proof of mountains having risen in a day or a night, their usual course of growth is slow and labored. The accumulations of sediment off the coasts of continents are the unborn ranges of the future. Sometime they must yield to the lateral pressure resulting from unequal radial contraction of the lithosphere; then must come crumpling and folding, bending and breaking, as the new-born range rises toward its altitude of proud supremacy. The upward movement, once started, continues by slips at intervals; and at each slip, the region trembles and quakes. Without mountain ranges, the earth could not meet the present needs of man. And mountain-making is impossible without earthquake and convulsion.

From the view-point of human interest, as measured by the suffering and loss, the maimings and the deaths, as gauged in dollars, or as counted in terms of tears and blood, the recent disaster is of terrifying proportions. As a step in the ordinary progress of natural events, it is but an incident of earth's dynamic forces, and one of but ordinary rank. There have been greater convulsions, stronger earth-disruptions in the past. The geologist

does not hesitate to say that in the natural order of dynamic manifestations, the Pacific slope will be the scene of other earth disturbances in the future.

Philadelphia, Pa.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Here on the hill he sleeps,
Close to the city's din, on whom did fall
The pow'r of Zion's founder, Joseph the Seer.
Though in the tomb, doth Brigham still hold court;
They come from ev'ry land, and rev'rence pay
To him whose works the Lord hath magnified.
The early morn sees many standing by
His resting place, and evening's setting sun
Shines o'er them ling'ring there, who homage pay
To his great name: not great because of wealth,
Or earth's renown, but great because the Lord
Hath made him great, his faithful servant been.
God raiseth up or casteth down at will;
He recompenseth every one his due.
Yet, O, the mockery of it all, to see
Men bow before him dead, they scorned in life!
And yet, 'tis history o'er again, and true:
"Away with him!" whom now all men adore.
Who could have known, when only red men trod
This vale, that they who came,—the lonely, sick,
Obscure, cast out from ev'ry land, should, ere
The century's close, so honored be to earth's
Remotest bounds, and that by titled ones;
And, towering high among them, Brigham Young?
O answer ye, the prophets, who foresaw
This time, and said, "the mountain of the Lord's
House shall be in the mountain tops, and all
The nations shall flow unto it." Sounds
Now the mountain's solemn voice, "the Lord
Hath spoken, hear ye all the earth! as he
Hath done, so will he yet perform all things
According to his word." Whom he honors
The world shall honor,—decree eternal—
And foremost 'mong them, till the trump shall sound,
Will be the name and fame of Brigham Young.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

LYDIA D. ALDER.

CONCERNING THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

IV—HOME READING.*

Some of the greatest philosophers of antiquity thought that the whole educational process was to prepare a man rightly to enjoy leisure. With them the end of life was a state of intellectual contemplation rather than one of activity. It is customary with us to practice the reverse of this theory. We have become creatures of incessant activity, with little or no time for contemplation or for purely mental culture. Both of these attitudes toward life are extreme. In recent philosophy of mind, there has developed a theory somewhat intermediate between these two, yet leaning, we might say, towards the modern practice. According to this philosophy, man is primarily an active being, rather than a purely intellectual one. From the first cry of infancy to the last breath of old age, his nature craves activity. Of course, this is most manifest in early life.

* Since so many young people who have much to do with books are troubled with defective vision, perhaps it would not be out of place here to suggest that it is worth while taking a few precautions to protect the eyes. Buy editions of books having white, opaque paper, with dull surface, and print not smaller than that used in this magazine. Do not read with a strong light shining directly in the eyes. Have the light above or behind, and so arranged that it falls directly on the page. Let this light, reflected from the book, be the strongest that enters the eye. Where a light stands on the table, and it is necessary to face it, protect the eyes with a green shade, either on the lamp or on the head of the reader. Do not wait until the eyes are injured before taking these precautions.

But acting and knowing are not and cannot normally be separate. They represent two aspects of the activity of a unitary mind. Knowledge is imperfect unless expressed in action, and activity without knowledge is blind and futile. Whatever a man may have to do, he should seek all possible useful knowledge concerning his work, and this implies reading. Under *Home Activities* I have suggested how a certain kind of reading may be directly connected with practical activities. But even this should not be looked upon as purely commercial in significance. While this aspect of it is, in a sense, important, and cannot be omitted, it should be subordinate to the great ends of life and character. It is the insight into nature, and the purification and strengthening of character that is most fundamental. The vocation of man is not merely to make a living, nor is it to accumulate wealth. These are but means, not ends. A man's reading, thought and activity, should have reference to the larger social self. Thought and feeling should expand until they embrace the life of humanity. To attain this ideal, a man cannot live wholly within his own little home and business. While these are not to be neglected, he should also attend to political, religious and social duties. Even his home life will be narrow and imperfect unless it is thus joined with the broader life of mankind. Systematic reading is one of the necessary means of attaining this larger and more perfect life.

Those who attend high schools and colleges will have ample opportunity and direction; but even they, when their school days are ended, should beware of the tendency to drop all intellectual pursuits outside their own business. It is my primary purpose here to offer some definite suggestions as to what a young man, without a high school education, may well read at home. I shall also suggest some books for more advanced readers.

Home reading may be roughly classified as science, to give insight into nature; history and biography, to give acquaintance with the great things that have been done by humanity; geography and travel, which partake of the nature of both science and history; literature, to convey the best that has been thought and felt by men. This last I have subdivided into essays, fiction, and poetry. I shall not attempt to treat these in logical order, nor in the

order of importance, neither shall I maintain a rigid classification. Let us consider the second group first.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

In guiding our reading here, we should look primarily to the chief sources of our civilization. Among ancient peoples, we are most indebted to the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans. While we should have some knowledge of other ancient nations, especially of Egypt and the empires of Western Asia, we should study in detail the life and literature of the three peoples to whom we are most closely related in the history of civilization.

Because the *Bible* is so commonly used in the homes and the churches, it is taken for granted that young people generally will be familiar with the history and literature of the Hebrews; but, unfortunately, teachers in high schools and colleges find that there is, on the part of many students, a woeful deficiency in such knowledge. It may be worth while, therefore, to suggest that where the reading of the Bible has been neglected, it should be one of the first books to receive attention. Every young man should read the Bible through carefully and take note of those books and passages that have special historical interest, or exceptional literary or spiritual value. The parts thus selected should be frequently read and studied, and those having the highest spiritual value might well be memorized. To illustrate my meaning in regard to the selection of passages for study in detail, I direct attention to Exodus 20; Deuteronomy 28; Joshua 1; I Kings 8; The Book of Job, The Psalms, The Proverbs, The Prophecies of Isaiah. The prominent characters of the Old Testament, such as Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, and Daniel, might be made the subject of special study. From a literary point of view, the Book of Job should be studied as a unit, but for their purely spiritual value, the following chapters might be frequently re-read: 13, 19, 27, 28 and 38. For this purpose also, the Psalms generally have exceptional value. Of these, 15, 19, and 23, at least, should be memorized. The third chapter of Proverbs is full of wisdom that might well be read until absorbed.

The New Testament is so generally significant and interesting that I hesitate to point out what I regard as the most important

passages. But, without deprecating the value of other parts, I direct attention to the high moral tone of the Sermon on the Mount, and, in the writings of the Apostles, to Romans 12, and II Peter 1. The historical part of the Bible should be studied in connection with maps and geographical descriptions. This may well be supplemented by the use of stereoscopic views of Bible lands.* The Biblical history may be supplemented by reading the Apocrypha and Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*.

A brief introduction to Greek and Roman history, with something of the Oriental nations, may be had in Adams' *European History* or Meyers' *General History*. For a more detailed and consequently more interesting study, Botsford's *Greece and the Orient*, and *Rome*, by the same author, are recommended. West's *Ancient History* is a good critical, up-to-date work. Meyers' *Ancient History* is very readable, but not so well received by those interested in the critical study of history. In connection with this study Plutarch's *Lives* may be read with great interest and profit. Plutarch is not now regarded as a critical historian. He is primarily a moral philosopher. This, together with his literary ability, gives lasting value to his work, notwithstanding some inaccuracies as to historical facts.

The history of Mediæval and Modern Europe is covered in brief in the general histories named above, but more completely in West's *Modern History*, which connects with his *Ancient History*, or in Meyers' *Mediæval and Modern History*.

American readers will be interested especially in English and American history. Green's *History of the English People* and, for a briefer account, Green's *Shorter History of the English People* are highly recommended, Coman and Kendall's *Short History of England* is very readable. For a brief introduction to American history McMaster's *School History of the United States*, Montgomery's *Students' American History*, or Channing's *United States History* will answer. This may be supplemented by reading the

* The interest in reading the Bible may be increased, and the understanding of it improved, by the use of Richard G. Moulton's *Modern Readers' Bible*, in twenty-one volumes, published by the MacMillan Company, N. Y., price 60 cents per volume, or \$10 for the set. Each volume is complete in itself.

works of Parkman, Prescott, Fiske, McMaster, and other notable writers of American history. Biographical studies and political addresses may be introduced here to supplement the purely historical reading. Franklin's *Autobiography*, Weem's *Life of Washington*, Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln*, Washington's *Farewell Address*, Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech* and *Second Inaugural*, and George W. Curtis' *Public Duties of an Educated Man*, rank among the best in this line.

The study of civil government should be taken up from the historical point of view. A brief account of the governments of modern nations will be found in *The State* by Woodrow Wilson.

For a study of the American government, Fiske's *Civil Government* is a good introduction. Hinsdale's *American Government* contains a more thorough analysis of the constitution, and Bryce's *American Commonwealth* represents an interesting study from the point of view of an English visitor. For a *thorough* study of the constitution, in its historical development, Madison's *Minutes of the Constitutional Convention* and the *Federalist*, have very great value.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Here young people will find a very entertaining and instructive line of books for home reading. Frank G. Carpenter's *Geographical Readers* are among the best of the more elementary works. Other books of travel recommended are:

Mark Twain—*Innocence Abroad*.

Irving—*Alhambra*; *Tales of a Traveler*.

Stevenson—*Inland Voyage*; *Travels with a Donkey*.

Johnson—*Journey to the Hebrides*.

SCIENCE.

The systematic study of natural science can be carried on to much greater advantage in schools, where instruction is joined with well organized laboratory and field work. However, anybody having inclination toward science can gain much without these very desirable aids. Under *Home Activities* I have suggested some references along lines of agricultural science. Many of these, however, pre-suppose some knowledge of the general principles of science. For introduction to these general principles, and for

other science work adapted to home reading, the following books may be used:*

L. H. Bailey—*Botany; An Elementary Text-Book; Lessons with Plants*; or Coulter—*Plant Studies*.

Mrs. Dana—*How to Know the Wild Flowers*.

Jordan, Kellogg and Heath—*Animal Studies*; or A. J. Thompson—*Study of Animal Life*.

M. O. Wright—*Four-Footed Americans*.

N. S. Shaler—*Domesticated Animals, their Relation to Man and his Advancement in Civilization*.

Chapman—*Bird Life*.

Stone and Cram—*American Animals*.

Hodge—*Nature Study and Life*.

Burroughs†—*Signs and Seasons; Locusts and Wild Honey; Squirrels and other Fur Bearers*.

Martin—*Human Body, Briefer Course*, Revised by Fitz; *Human Body, Advanced Course*.

Gilbert and Brigham—*Introduction to Physical Geography*.

Le Conte—*Compend of Geology; Elements of Geology*. (Advanced).

E. S. Dana—*Minerals and How to Study Them*.

Clerke—*A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century*.

Lassar Cohn—*Chemistry of Common Life*.

Newell—*Descriptive Chemistry*; or Hessler & Smith—*Essentials of Chemistry*.

Ganot—*Physics*‡ (17th edition).

Jackson—*Elements of Electricity and Magnetism*.

Duncan—*New Knowledge* (physical science).

Walker—*Political Economy*.

Small & Vincent—*Introduction to the Study of Society*.

*For advice and suggestion in selecting this list, I am indebted to the heads of science departments in the University of Utah.

† This author's books are especially recommended for home reading. They have literary as well as scientific value.

‡ Requires some knowledge of algebra and geometry.

Halleck—*Psychology and Psychic Culture* (elementary).

James—*Psychology, Briefer Course; Psychology, Advanced Course* (two large volumes).

On the application of psychology to life and education, the following are excellent:

Griggs—*Moral Education* (contains annotated bibliography of moral education).

King—*Rational Living*.

James Seth—*Ethical Principles*.

ESSAYS.

In addition to essays proper, we may include here autobiography and other wisdom books. We may add to Franklin's *Autobiography*, named under *History and Biography*, *Poor Richard's Almanac*, by the same author. *Up from Slavery; An Autobiography*, by Booker T. Washington, is a model of charming simplicity and unassuming wisdom. The life and practical insight of this great leader of his people is well worth the attention of everybody, without regard to race or color. The wisdom of the race on the great questions of life and conduct will be found in condensed and classified form in *The Message of Man, A Book of Ethical Scriptures*, arranged by Stanton Coit, Ph. D.

Of the more difficult books, the following are recommended:

Emerson—*Essays* (Especially *Compensation* and *Self-reliance*).

Mabie—*Work and Culture*.

Ruskin—*Sesame and Lilies*.

Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

Matt. Arnold—*Sweetness and Light*.

Card'l Newman—*Idea of a University*.

Stevenson—*Memories and Portraits; Verginibus Puerisque*.

FICTION.

The habit that some young people have of reading any story they chance to get hold of is deplorable. The novel habit in this sense is almost as objectionable as the liquor habit. Such indiscriminate reading both cultivates bad ideals and weakens the intellect. The novel, like the theatre, may either elevate or degrade the mind.

We learn mainly by our own experience, but nobody but a fool fails to learn also from the experience of others. Good fiction has the merit of teaching us the great lessons of life by vicarious experience. Such reading broadens the intellect and cultivates sympathy for others, through both good and evil fortune. Furthermore, it contributes to the enjoyment of life.

The following directions for reading fiction and lists of novels and literary magazines have been kindly contributed by Professor Benjamin R. Howell, of the Department of English, University of Utah:

To make any kind of list of novels for general readers is a formidable task; to make an acceptable list of the best ones is well-nigh impossible. Tastes differ so widely that "what is one man's meat is another's poison." These lists, then, pretend to be not lists of "best" novels, but only of those works of fiction which have been recognized as good by all critics, and which it is a reproach not to know.

In the case of such authors as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Eliot, the stories selected have been chosen because they are the ones that interest most people. But all of the works of these authors are good, and you will make no mistake if you read all that they have written. The works of living authors have been intentionally omitted. There is so much fiction, upon which time has stamped its approval, that the busy, earnest man can ill afford to follow the changing fashions of the day. This is not to say that no good fiction is being written at the present time. Mr. Owen Wister's *Virginian*, and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Hon. Peter Sterling* are examples of well written novels that bid fair to outlive our generation.

I.

(For beginners in fiction.)

Cooper—*The Spy*; *Last of the Mohicans*.

Eliot—*Silas Marner*.

Goldsmith—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

Defoe—*Robinson Crusoe*.

Scott—*Ivanhoe*.

Stevenson—*Treasure Island*.

Dickens—*A Christmas Carol*.

Hawthorne—*Grandfather's Chair; House of the Seven Gables.*
 Lamb—*Tales from Shakespeare.*
 Poe—*The Gold Bug.*
 Swift—*Gulliver's Travels.*

II.

(Books of High School Grade.)

Bunyan—*Pilgrim's Progress.*
 Dickens—*Oliver Twist; Nicholas Nickleby.*
 Thackeray—*Henry Osmond; The Virginians.*
 Scott—*Quentin Durward; The Talisman.*
 Eliot—*Mill on the Floss; Amos Barton.*
 Stevenson—*David Balfour; Kidnapped.*
 Blackmore—*Lorna Doone.*
 Bulwer—*Last Days of Pompeii.*
 Holmes—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

III.

(For more advanced readers.)

Cervantes—*Don Quixote.*
 Balzac—*Eugenie Grandet; Pere Goriot.*
 Dickens—*Tale of Two Cities; David Copperfield.*
 Thackeray—*Vanity Fair; Pendennis.*
 Eliot—*Adam Bede; Romola.*
 Scott—*Heart of Midlothian; Kenilworth.*
 Hawthorne—*Scarlet Letter; Marble Faun.*
 Mrs. Gaskell—*Cranford*
 Kingsley—*Hypatia.*
 Bronte—*Jane Eyre.*

Of the literary magazines the following are recommended:

I.

(Of the higher-priced magazines.)

Century, Harper's, Atlantic, and Scribner's.

II.

(Of the cheaper magazines.)

McClure's, Everybody's, and Cosmopolitan.

POETRY.*

The reading of well-selected poems has very great educative value. There the highest ideals are presented in the most attractive form. The great poem combines in itself the beautiful, the true, and the good. The perfect union of these three is not less significant in life than is the union of faith, hope and charity in religion.

Of the less difficult poems, the following are recommended:

Grey—*Elegy*.

Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village*.

Longfellow—*Evangeline*.

Lowell—*The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

Burns—*Cotter's Saturday Night*.

Scott—*Lady of the Lake*.

Tennyson—*Enoch Arden*; *Idyls of the King*.

Bryant—*Thanatopsis*.

Wordsworth—*Intimations of Immortality*.

Palgrave—*Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* (a collection).

The following poems are well worth memorizing:

Longfellow—*A Psalm of Life*; *The Ladder of St. Augustine*; *Sandalphon*; *Children*; *The Bells of San Blas*.

Newman—*Lead Kindly Light*.

Tennyson—*Crossing the Bar*.

Holmes—*The Last Leaf*; *The Temple*; *The Chambered Nautilus*.

The last named poem is full of inspiration, and well illustrates the relation of poetry to life. For the convenience of readers of the ERA we reproduce it here.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,

Sails the unshadowed main,—

The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,

* The appreciation of poetry commonly comes with reading and the study of poetic forms.

And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

In webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil:
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew with wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut them from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LESSON IN NATURAL CALAMITIES.

Quite interesting, if not faith-promoting, are the comments of the religious papers of the country, on the great disaster that befell San Francisco. Many hold that cataclysms of the kind are not divine visitations intended to remind the people of their sins, or call them to repentance. One paper is quoted as saying, "Such a calamity has no connection with human sin, but is cosmic in its origin." And that idea is voiced by many of the writers. There appears, therefore, to be a general feeling among the Protestant religious leaders that God has little or nothing to do with nature or her laws; that if the unparalleled disaster were his will, and designed as a judgment upon the wicked, San Francisco, which is openly and freely conceded to have been a very wicked city, would alone have been stricken, and not the several smaller cities, which are not at all corrupt, but which, in this case, suffered equally with the larger and more corrupt city.

This appears to me to be a mistaken view of judgment, for judgment is not an end in itself. Calamities are only permitted by a merciful Father, in order to bring about redemption. Behind the fearful storms of judgment, which often strike the just and the unjust alike, overwhelming the wicked and the righteous, there arises bright and clear the dawn of the day of salvation. In this case one can easily see the mercy of God, for loss of life would have been much greater if the quake had occurred, for instance, when the theatres were full, or when more people were astir. The loss of life would then have been more appalling. Besides, hundreds of stories are told of how people were saved, in a providential way, showing to my mind that God's Providence was over the

people, even in this calamity, and that what he permitted to occur seems clearly to have been for the purpose of calling attention, by the finger of his power, to the wickedness and sins of men—not alone to the sins of the people of the stricken city, for there are many elsewhere who are just as evil minded, but to the transgressions of all mankind, that all may take warning and repent. Men who stand in the way of God's wise purposes, whether they be good or evil, must suffer in the turmoil. Thus it is that often the righteous suffer for the unrighteous; and it is not satisfactory to the thinking mind to say that therefore God is unjust. The perfect Christ suffered, the just for the unjust: "His visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." And if, in the wisdom of God, it was so that he who is without sin should suffer for the sins of the world, why should not imperfect man, though less sinful than his neighbor, suffer with the wicked?

There is, in the great world of mankind, much social and civil unrighteousness, religious unfaithfulness, and great insensibility to the majesty, power and purpose of our Eternal Father and God. In order, therefore, that he may bring the sense of himself and his purposes home to the minds of men, his intervention and interposition, in nature and in men's affairs, are demanded. His aims will be accomplished, even if men must be overwhelmed with the convulsions of nature to bring them to an understanding and a realization of his designs. As long as conditions remain as they are in the world, none is exempt from these visitations: "If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf. For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful creator."

How oft have I called upon you by the mouth of my servants, and by the ministering of angels, and by mine own voice, and by the voice of thunderings, and by the voice of lightnings, and by the voice of tempests, and by the voice of earthquakes, and great hailstorms, and by the voice of famines and pestilences

of every kind, and by the great sound of a trump, and by the voice of judgment, and by the voice of mercy all the day long, and by the voice of glory, and honor, and the riches of eternal life, and would have saved you with an everlasting salvation, but ye would not?—Doc. and Cov. Sec. 43:25

The Latter-day Saints, though they themselves tremble because of their own wickedness and sins, believe that great judgments are coming upon the world because of iniquity; they firmly believe in the statements of the Holy Scriptures, that calamities will befall the nations, as signs of the coming of Christ to judgment. They believe that God rules in the fire, the earthquake, the tidal wave, the volcanic eruption, and the storm. Him they recognize as the Master and the Ruler of nature and her laws; and freely acknowledge his hand in all things. We believe that his judgments are poured out to bring mankind to a sense of his power and his purposes, that they may repent of their sins, and prepare themselves for the second coming of Christ to reign in righteousness upon the earth. And, as is said in the Book of Mormon (3 Nephi, 21: 14-22,) woe be unto them,

Except they repent, for it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Father, that I will cut off thy horses out of the midst of thee, and I will destroy thy chariots, and I will cut off the cities of thy land, and throw down all thy strongholds; and I will cut off witchcrafts out of thy hand, and thou shalt have no more soothsayers; thy graven images I will also cut off, and thy standing images out of the midst of thee, and thou shalt no more worship the works of thy hands; and I will pluck up thy groves out of the midst of thee; so will I destroy thy cities. And it shall come to pass that all lyings, and deceivings, and envyings, and strifes and priestcrafts, and whoredoms, shall be done away. For it shall come to pass, saith the Father, that at that day whosoever will not repent and come unto my beloved Son, them will I cut off from among my people, O house of Israel; and I will execute vengeance and fury upon them, even as upon the heathen, such as they have not heard. But if they will repent, and hearken unto my words, and harden not their hearts, I will establish my Church among them, and they shall come in unto the covenant, and be numbered among this the remnant of Jacob, unto whom I have given this land for their inheritance.

We firmly believe that Zion—which is the pure in heart—shall escape, if she observe to do all things whatsoever God has commanded; but, in the opposite event, even Zion shall be visited “with sore affliction, with pestilence, with plague, with sword, with vengeance, and with devouring fire.” (Doctrine and Covenants, 97: 26.) All this that her people may be taught to walk in the light of truth, and in the way of the God of their salvation.

By freely giving of our means and substance, as the Latter-day Saints have rightly done, we have abundantly demonstrated, in this terrible affliction which has befallen our sister city on the west, that we believe in doing all in our power to relieve distress, to aid the afflicted, and to extend to all mankind the brotherly kindness and sympathy which we ourselves crave from our fellow beings and from God.

But we believe that these severe, natural calamities are visited upon men by the Lord for the good of His children, to quicken their devotion to others, and to bring out their better natures, that they may love and serve him. We believe, further, that they are the heralds and tokens of his final judgment, and the schoolmasters to teach the people to prepare themselves, by righteous living, for the coming of the Savior to reign upon the earth, when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ.

If these lessons are impressed upon us, and upon the people of our country, the anguish, and the loss of life and toil, sad, great and horrifying as they were, will not have been endured in vain.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder Edward S. Hall, writing from Papeete, Tahiti, April 29, reports that there are no Mutual Improvement Associations in the Tahitian mission. He says further: "I realize that the Mutual does a great deal of good, and we hope some day to start it here in the islands."

Elder Serge F. Ballif, president of the Swiss and German mission, writing to the ERA April 10, says: We have no Mutual Improvement organizations in the Swiss and German mission, but I am much interested in Mutual Improvement work, and can assure you that it is a source of pleasure to me to hear of the continued progress of this association. I wish to express our appreciation of your kindness in sending the IMPROVEMENT ERA to us each month. I ask God to bless you in your labors.

Elder L. Vivian Hinckley, of Lawrence, Kans., writes, April 17, to the ERA that the work of the Lord in that part is progressing favorably. "The work has

just been commenced in this city, and the elders desire that none be left without an excuse. We have been courteously treated, and have held some good street meetings. I read with interest each issue of the ERA, and am particularly interested in the messages from the missions."

From a letter written by President Alma O. Taylor of the Japanese mission to the *Elders' Journal*, January 4, 1906, we learn that there are nine missionaries in Japan, five of whom are now in the field. There are three fields, with a Sunday school in each. The elders are doing considerable translating; among other works they are translating the Book of Mormon and a *Brief History of the Church*. President Taylor has been working on the Book of Mormon for two years, and has now reached the last of the 20th chapter of III Nephi. He says that the revision of the work will take several years, to which he looks forward with the most intense pleasure and delight. "The work of this sacred book is a constant inspiration." During the year 1905, only one soul was baptized into the Church.

F. B. Hammond, Jr., secretary of the Northern States Mission, No. 149 So. Paulina street, Chicago, reports that there are five Mutual Improvement Associations in that mission, with an enrolled membership of 97, and an average attendance of 16; 101 regular weekly meetings had been held, and there had been 88 exercises from the manual, with 66 miscellaneous exercises, and 59 questions answered. One of the five associations had not reported. The report is for the year ending April 30, 1906. The associations are only partly organized.

Elder Samuel E. Woolley, president of the Hawaiian mission, writing to the ERA, under date of April 4, says: "We are getting along nicely in the mission. Our general conference is upon us, and we hope to have a good time. The elders are all in from their fields of labor, all well and in a good spiritual condition. We all look forward to the arrival of the ERA as something good from home. Best wishes for Zion and her people." In connection with the general conference, the M. I. A. conference of the Hawaiian Islands was held on Friday evening, 6th of April, and presided over by Elder P. B. Cowan. The exercises consisted mostly of instructive lessons prepared for the occasion by the Laie Branch. President Woolley gave the young people valuable advice concerning dress, manners, and care of their bodies.

Elders Robert G. Booth and Joseph Nielson, writing to the ERA from Bruce, Horry county, South Carolina, May 8, say: "During March and April we held sixty-one meetings, baptized eleven souls. A minister, upon learning of our success, became very angry, called a secret meeting to determine what was to be done with us, and in this meeting began a tirade of slander about the 'Mormons,' and tried to raise a mob to drive us out of the country; but he was signally unsuccessful, and his meeting ended only in threats. We rejoice in the work of the Lord. The ERA is always a welcome visitor. May God bless you and all the interests of Zion."

From the annual report of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of the Swedish mission, sent by President Peter Matson, it is learned that there are five associations with a membership of 162, and an average attendance of 99. Four officers' meetings were held and 128 regular meetings. Eleven conjoint officers' meetings were held, 25 special meetings and 3 semi-annual conferences; 36 public lectures were given. There is a beginning for a library in one branch, with six volumes.

From the *Elders' Journal* of May 1, we learn that Elder James H. Wallis, who for nearly two years has been the associate editor of the *Journal*, was honorably released to return to his home. Elder Wallis has given great impetus to the literary value of the *Journal*, which has increased during his administration from 2,200 to 5,000 in circulation. "His labors," so the *Journal* says, "have endeared him to the Saints of the South, and established in their minds and hearts a place for his memory that will last forever."

President Heber J. Grant writes to the ERA April 19, from Liverpool: "We distributed 311,000 tracts last month, an increase of over 50,000 as compared with February, and also as compared with March of last year. We had 22,091 gospel conversations, an increase of 3,206 as compared with February, and 7,588 as compared with March of last year. Our books distributed were as follows: 4,756 sold, 2,544 loaned and 1,488 given away, an increase of 761 and 114 and 109, as compared with February, and 1,964 and 786 and 343, as compared with last March. We visited strangers' houses with first tracts, 67,221, by first invitation 1,446, and by reinvitation 3,239; as compared with February the increases were 13,539, and 296 and 372; as compared with last March, 16,582, and 112 and 296. From these figures you will see that the elders in the British Mission are working hard. The spirit of our meetings at London, April 14, 15, was one of determination, and I really believe that the next quarter will be a record-breaker in the British Mission. * * * Before the London conference I just returned from a 30-day trip to Italy. I thoroughly enjoyed myself and saw many things to make me truly grateful for the gospel of Jesus Christ."

The elders of the Swiss and German mission hold a convention and conference in Zurich, May 27, 28 and 29. A sacred concert will be held on the evening of the 27th, at which Arvilla Clark, Willard Andelin, students in Berlin, and Spencer Clawson, who is studying in Wien, sing, and furnish music. It will be a high-grade entertainment. In connection with the convention and conference, President Serge F. Ballif planned a sight-seeing trip through Switzerland, and as far as Milan, in Italy, where the International Exposition is now being held. They pass through the St. Gothard tunnel, in Italy, and also the new Simplon tunnel which is the longest in the world, and which it was expected would be completed and opened on the 1st of June. At the convention the elders expressed their ideas in relation to bettering the work—in tracting, visiting, literature for the mission, and the great question of how to reach the people. The elders anticipated a most splendid time, and this will be their only vacation for the year 1906, in that mission.

OUR WORK.

The stake superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Jordan stake of Zion, was reorganized on Sunday, April 22. The Stake Presidency, and the Stake Boards of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, met and reorganized, by selecting Joshua P. Terry, of Draper, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake, with M. B. Andrus, first assistant. Elder Louis A. Kelsch represented the General Board. Elder Soren Rasmussen, who has efficiently acted as superintendent for some time past, was released on account of having been called to fill a mission to Scandinavia, upon which he left on the 2nd of May. Elder Terry, who was chosen as stake superintendent, was formerly first assistant to Superintendent Rasmussen.

President J. H. Grant and his associates, of the Davis Stake of Zion, have accepted the resignation of Joseph Wells Hess, who has acted as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the South Davis Stake, and Elder Joseph Tingey, of Centerville, has been selected to fill the position, the nomination being approved by the General Board at its meeting on May 2, 1906.

Thomas Allsop, of Thatcher, Idaho, who has acted as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Bannock stake for some years, has been released. His former first assistant, Harry Horsley, of Soda Springs, Idaho, has been sustained in his position. Both of these brethren have been faithful laborers in the M. I. A. and while the work has prospered under their administration, we hope that it will still continue to advance under the new organization.

In a letter from James P. Olsen, of Brigham City, dated April 26, and enclosing four new subscriptions for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, we are made aware of the fact that through the efforts of Supt. E. Horsley and associates, the Box Elder stake of Zion has reached 400 subscribers for Volume IX of this magazine. The brethren who have worked in this matter deserve great credit for their labors for the ERA, as well as for the Manual. The management of the ERA, and the General Board extend to them sincere congratulations and thanks upon having obtained this number, which is some seven or eight subscribers more than five per cent of the total Church population in Box Elder stake.

President J. Wilford Booth, of the Turkish mission, Aintab, Turkey, forwards the annual report of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that mission, from which it appears that there are two associations, and forty-four members, with an average attendance of forty. The ERA has one subscriber in that mission. Three officers' meetings were held, and there were forty-three weekly meetings, and ten pub-

lic lectures. There were 115 miscellaneous exercises, and 40 questions answered. There is one library of twenty-five books. "One of the associations," writes Prest. Booth, "has been in operation for seven years, and has accomplished much good among the Saints, and many of our friends in Aintab. The other association is new here in Aleppo, the first meeting being held Monday evening, February 26, 1906. The officers were sustained on March 4, and took their places at the second meeting, held on Tuesday evening, March 6. Their names are as follows: President Hogop Bezjian; counselors, Honhames Orulluian, James W. Booth; secretary, Dikran Demirjian; treasurer, John T. Woodbury. The names of the first officers of the Aintab association were published in the ERA in the spring of 1899. It is almost impossible to follow the Manual in our lessons here. A different language, a lack of books, etc., make it difficult, so we select subjects more suited to our condition, and I have in the report classed them all as miscellaneous. In the matter of finance we are 'poor as church mice.' One other association was organized in Zara, where there are some Saints, some four years ago, but only continued one year, as the officers went to Zion, and the elders have not been there to remain permanently since; but we did splendid work during that one winter, 1901-2. We have a good attendance, usually more present than we have on the roll, as we most always have a number of visitors, and the members attend well, also.

"Wishing the M. I. A. work success, and with fervent prayer for all our officers, I remain your fellow laborer,

"J. WILFORD BOOTH."

It is the desire of the General Board that the meeting of the conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. on Saturday morning, June 9, be devoted to a discussion of timely subjects by the officers present as representatives of the stakes of Zion. The suggestion is made that the following points be covered:

What is the spiritual status of our boys?

How do they occupy their spare time?

In what parts, if any, does the work need strengthening?

How may the M. I. A. work be made more productive of strong, noble characters?

How can we best advance the high standard of M. I. A.?

It will be conducive to a successful meeting if you will be prepared to advance your ideas of these subjects, in case you should be called upon; or have your representative prepared to treat these topics.

From the report of Prest. Jacob H. Trayner, and Le Grand Richards, secretary, of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of the Netherlands mission, it appears that there are eight associations in that mission with a membership of 215, and an average attendance of 149. There have been 125 regular weekly meetings held; 69 exercises rendered from the Manual, and 63 miscellaneous exercises. The report is for the year ending April 30, 1906. In this connection we learn from *De Ster* that Alexander Nibley succeeded Elder Trayner as president of the Netherlands-Belgium mission on May 1, 1906, and the latter's farewell address and the greeting of President Nibley are found in that number.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Auspicious Day in Russia.—Some very important history is being made in Russia these days. If we are not mistaken the 10th of May, which marked the inauguration of the Russian parliament, ushered in a stirring and wonderful epoch in that nation's struggle for liberty. The Winter Palace square, in St. Petersburg, witnessed that day quite another scene than the one enacted there some fifteen months ago when the troops so cruelly shot down the people who came to ask "The Little Father" for much less than he now, unheralded, came himself to grant them. All the pomp and splendor of the aristocrats were displayed. Instead of grim soldiers shooting into a mob, there were prancing cavalry with shining accoutrements to guard the approaches; and hussars and guards in picturesque uniform of red, blue and yellow, with helmets, lanceheads and cuirasses that shone in the sun. The troops everywhere gave evidence of the suspicion that existed between the two great forces—the Russian Emperor and the Representatives of the people—as they met face to face, the one to grant and the other to receive the privileges and liberties that shall enable the Russian people to take up the onward march of modern civilization, free from the chains that have hampered their progress and enthralled their happiness. This was a day when the most exclusive court in Europe lowered the bars for the first time to admit to the Emperor's presence plebeian men who came, not by virtue of his invitation, but by solemn mandate from the people struggling for the day-dawn of freedom. We are told that it was a brilliant day. A suspicion of haze hung over the gulf, softening the outlines and giving the scene a touch of fairy-land. The city, spreading out over the enormous green islands in the river, seemed swimming in a flood of light. The broad, swift-flowing Neva, with arms outstretched to the sea, and the interlacing canals were turned to azure by the reflecting blue of the heavens, while the gold domes of the churches, the spires of the admiralty, and the St. Petersburg and St. Paul fortress, and the shining minarets of the palaces seemed to be floating above the mass of yellow buildings. Besides, the metropolis was dressed bride-like, awaiting the coming of her lord.

Religious services began the day, preceded by the usual savage splendor and wild clangor of bells; and the Emperor and his suite spent twenty minutes in worship before the tombs of the Romanoffs, asking for the blessing and guidance of the

Almighty. From the throne in the Winter Palace the Emperor addressed the representatives of the people. The Palace is a strange, immense, and mysterious-looking structure on the left bank of the Neva. Here are some rare collections of wealth and splendor. We are told that on this day, in the concert room, a force of veteran grenadiers mounted guards before the insignia of the Emperor's society, and imperial crown, scepter, globe, sword, standard and seal of the empire, representing the most valuable collection of jewels in the world. The precious stones blazed like live coals.

The scepter alone is valued at \$1,200,000. It is submounted by the celebrated Orloff diamond of 185 carats, a mate of the Kohinoor, which together formed the eyes of the golden lion before the temple of the Grand Mogul at Delhi. The romantic, bloody history of these two jewels, stolen by Sepoys, is well known. The crown is surmounted by a cross formed of five diamonds, each worth a king's ransom, set upon a priceless ruby, the whole resting on a golden circle studded with pearls, giving it the appearance of a miter and thus making it emblematic not only of sovereignty, but of supreme authority over the Russian church. The globe is also surmounted by a diamond cross on an immense sapphire.

The speech from the throne was conciliatory but carefully worded and conservative in promise.

After the reception and ceremonies in the Palace, the members of the lower house were called to order at 5 p. m., by Baron Frisch, at the Tauride Palace, where they will assemble, and the oath was administered before temporary adjournment. General political amnesty is the great requirement demanded; it is a passion with the masses, and it will be difficult for the government to resist. The lower house, and the Czar will have many serious conflicts before freedom is understood by them alike. Let us hope that it may be only diplomatic conflict, and not conflict of the weapons of anarchy and tyranny.

Sunday School Conference.—The Sunday School Union Conference was held on Sunday night, April 8, and all but one stake Sunday school organization responded to the rollcall, and five missions were represented. From Secretary George D. Pyper's brief statistical report the following is taken: Number of schools, 1,085; number of children of Latter-day Saints in all wards between the ages of 4 and 20, 113,821; of this number 94,517 are enrolled in the Sunday schools. Number of officers and teachers, 17,540, an increase of 321 over 1904; male pupils, 59,252; female pupils, 63,436; total, 122,688; increase, 3,381; grand total officers, teachers, and pupils, 140,736. A new feature of the conference was the report of the committee of the General Board on "parent classes," which was unanimously adopted, recommending the general introduction of these classes into the Sunday schools of the Church.

Church Superintendent of Schools.—On Thursday evening, April 26, Horace Hall Cummings accepted a tender made to him of the position of Superintendent of Church schools, and the appointment was officially announced by a unanimous vote of the Church Board of Education, on April 27. He succeeds, in that capacity, Dr. J. M. Tanner. Professor Cummings is the son of B. F. Cum-

mings, and Catherine Hall, pioneers of Utah. His parents went to Provo during the "move," in 1858, and after the trouble occasioned by Johnston's army was over, the family removed north to Ogden, and later to Salt Lake City. Prof. Cummings entered the University of Deseret, now Utah, in August, 1877, as a normal student. He completed the normal course, and was a successful teacher for several years. In 1895, he obtained his degree of Bachelor of Science, with a state normal certificate, and began teaching in the University in 1895. He has been connected with the institution ever since that time, at present being Director of Science in the State Normal School. He will make a proficient worker in the cause of the Church school system. He filled a mission to Mexico in 1885-7, where he mastered the Spanish language. He was director of the Utah educational exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair. Having labored as one of the faculty of the University of Utah for over eleven years, he is naturally very much attached to that institution; but his call to the Superintendency of the Church schools will prove more profitable, financially, than his present position. His connection with the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, Sunday schools, and Religion classes, is well known, in each of which he has been an energetic worker. He is also a member of the High Council of the Granite Stake of Zion.

Brigham Young College Trustees.—The articles of incorporation for the Brigham Young College, at Logan, have been amended, providing for the Board of Trustees to consist of eleven members instead of seven. The President of the Church shall be a member, and in case of vacancy in that office, then the President of the Quorum of the Twelve shall act as one of the trustees. President Joseph F. Smith has appointed as the four new trustees provided for in the amended articles: Charles H. Hjort, Logan; William H. Maughan, Wellsville; Olen N. Stohl, Brigham; Milton H. Welling, Fielding; and also one other member to fill the vacancy caused by the death of President M. W. Merrill. For this position Alma Merrill, president of the Benson stake, was named. All parts of the college district, except Bear Lake, is thus represented on the college board.

State Medical Association.—Dr. Frederic Clift, of Provo, well known to ERA readers, as a valuable contributor, was elected president of the Utah State Medical Association, at the closing session of its annual meeting, May 9, with Dr. W. S. Ellerbeck, Salt Lake, secretary; \$200 were appropriated for the relief of the suffering San Francisco physicians.

Olympic Games in Greece.—Many of the readers of the ERA have been interested in the olympic games at Athens, Greece, which opened on the 22nd of April, and which have had an unusual importance this year by reason of the presence of the official representatives from the different countries, whose teams participated, and who were appointed at the request of the king of Greece. The American team of athletes, who number about thirty men, won the National trophy by a large margin, over contestants of other nationalities, and were successful in most of the events. They were first in the 100, 400, 800 and 1,500 meter races; in the 1,500 meter walking match, in the throwing of the discus, pre-eminently a Greek pastime; and of the sixteen-pound weight; in the swim-

ming match, in the hurdles, and in the stand broad-jump, and in the running long-jump. A fund of \$14,000 had been raised to defray the expenses of the American athletes, and President Roosevelt appointed Mr. James E. Sullivan, of New York, secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, to represent the United States. The ancient Greeks would undoubtedly turn in their graves, could they know that the chief event of the program, namely, the Marathon race, was won by W. Sher-
ring, who is a Canadian.

Spanish Royal Marriage.—King Alphonzo XIII, of Spain, was twenty-one years old on May 17. Some weeks ago, an official announcement was made of his betrothal to the Princess Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena, of Battenburg. The marriage is to take place on June 2. Princess Ena, as his betrothed is most generally called, was eighteen years of age last October. Her mother is Beatrice, the youngest sister of King Edward VII, of England. Her father was Prince Henry of Battenburg, who accompanied the Ashanti expedition in 1895-6, and who died of African fever. This marriage, which is said to be a genuine love-match, establishes interesting relations between the British and Spanish royal houses, though the union can in no sense be said to have been prompted by reasons of state.

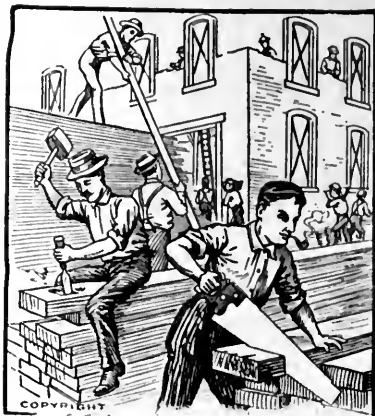
Died.—Wednesday, March 28, in Fountain Green, Reuben Carter, born December 1, 1826, in Somersetshire, England. For fifteen years he was counselor to Bishop Johnson of Fountain Green.—On the same date, in Meadow, Millard Co., Wm. H. Stott, Sr., pioneer of Millard Co., born in England, May 5, 1830, came from England in 1849.—Friday, March 30, in Richfield, Mary A. Clark, who came to Utah with her parents in 1849, born June 22, 1848, at Pottawattamie county, Iowa.—Sunday, April 1, in Salt Lake City, Elizabeth Derr, a native of New Jersey, and one of the oldest residents of the city.—Monday, 2nd, in Provo, John W. Warner, a veteran of the Civil war.—Saturday, 7th, at Garden City, Bishop Robert Calder, born October 12, 1832, in Edinburgh, Scotland, came to America when twelve years of age, and to Utah in 1850. He moved to Randolph in 1870, and was chosen Bishop of Garden City in 1879.—The same day at Mt. Pleasant, the funeral of Patriarch Edward Clift was held. He came to Utah from England in 1856, and made his home at Mt. Pleasant.—The same day in Laketown, the funeral of Bishop Robert Gardner was held.—In Salt Lake City, April 10, after undergoing an operation, performed in hopes of saving his life, Wm. Bernard Dougall, Jr., son of Wm. B. and Maria Young Dougall, born, Salt Lake City, May 7, 1869. He was a great favorite with his grandfather, President Brigham Young, was educated at private schools, at the Brigham Young Academy, Utah University, and Latter-day Saints college, and graduated in the scientific course at the latter. He labored in the editorial department of the *Millennial Star* at the age of twenty-three years, while on a Mission to England. While working there his health was seriously affected, owing to the sanitary conditions, and he had to return home within a year. He never recovered his health and strong physique, but suffered more or less for over thirteen years. He was a young man of splendid promise, gentle, kind, considerate, and of bright and active mind. One of the apostles said of him: "A

purser and more lovable spirit never came into mortality."—In Franklin, Idaho, April 16, Elizabeth Brook Fox, first stake president of the Oneida stake Relief Society, in which capacity she served for sixteen years, born in Yorkshire, England, January 5, 1825, joined the church in 1852, sailed for America, April, 1861, and arrived in Salt Lake September 12 of that year—Monday, 16, in Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Annie Lyman King, wife of Hon. William H. King.—Tuesday, 17, in Ogden, Warren G. Child, a pioneer of Weber county, born in New York, February 21, 1835.—The same date, in Beaver, Louisa Ann Eddins Hales, born in England, June 1, 1834, came to America in 1843, resided in Nauvoo, came to Utah in 1848.—In Rexburg, Tuesday, April 24, Patriarch Ola N. Liljenquist, for many years bishop of Hyrum, Cache Co., and later Patriarch in the Church, ordained on the 22nd of June 1873, also president of the Scandinavian mission during 1876-1878, and one of the first to embrace the Gospel in Denmark, born in Ingaberga, Sweden, September 23, 1825, came to Utah in 1857, and was a man of strong faith, and a zealous worker in the cause.—In Forestdale, at the home of her daughter Mrs. Gustava W. Teudt, Friday, 20th, Lovisa Skoglund, born in Sweden, May 3, 1833, embraced the gospel some twenty years ago, and came to Salt Lake in October, 1893. She was formerly president of the Relief Society in Goteborg, Sweden.—Wednesday, April 25, in Emery, Emery Co., Mrs. Elizabeth J. Stevenson, widow of Edward Stevenson, and a native of the Island of Jersey. At the age of twelve years she was baptized into the Church by the late John Taylor. She was born February 8, 1838. Her parents' home was a regular headquarters for "Mormon" missionaries, until the family came to Utah in 1854. They came across the ocean in a sailing vessel, landed at New Orleans, and came across the plains by ox teams, two of her sisters dying from cholera *en route*. The day following her arrival in Salt Lake, she was married. For fifteen years she was a faithful teacher in the Relief Society.—In Huntsville, April 29, Jens Peter Peterson, a merchant, born in Denmark, 1844, and came to Utah in 1869.

Result of Persecutions in Norway.—In the May number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, President J. M. Christensen of the Scandinavian mission was quoted as informing the *Millennial Star* that President Nils Evenson of the Trondhjem conference, Norway, had been convicted of the "crime" of performing a baptism contrary to the laws of Norway, and had been sentenced to pay a fine of about \$130; also that two of the local brethren had been fined about \$15 each for administering the sacrament. The case was appealed by President Evenson to the Higher Court. It appears that a law passed in 1853-4 provided for religious freedom to all Christian bodies, but at that time the Latter-day Saints were not recognized as Christians, and were excluded from the rights that Christian dissenters were then granted, so that it now appears that the "Mormons" are not considered as Christian dissenters. The Higher Court has given out an important decision in this case of Elder Nils Evenson, in which it is held that, since the law does not consider the Latter-day Saints Christians, consequently, there can be nothing to hinder them, a non-Christian sect, from using water to baptize, either by pouring, or by immersion. This act of the Latter-day Saints is not considered a Christian baptism, by the law, and the same rule holds good as to administering the sacra-

ment. Hence, to quote the decision: "It follows that the accused have not performed any act connected with any 'public office, which he does not hold,' inasmuch as they have only performed an act, which in the eyes of the Christian Churches is entirely without effect, and which could just as well be performed by any other person whomsoever." The accused were, therefore, adjudged not guilty. This decision gives the Latter-day Saints freedom to perform these ordinances. It is to be hoped that the enlightenment in Norway is so far advanced that it will not tolerate any new law being passed that will prevent the Latter-day Saints from performing the ordinances of the gospel. In the first place, it is strange, and remarkable, that a Church founded on the teachings of the New Testament, and belief in God and in Jesus Christ, and in revelations from them, should be considered a non-Christian sect; and in the second place, it is quite as remarkable that the opposition against them, which was intended to fetter completely their freedom, has been so turned that they have more freedom than anybody else.

Elders in the San Francisco Cataclysm.—When the calamity at San Francisco was first heard of, considerable uneasiness was evinced for the welfare of a company of Latter-day Saints missionaries, who were due to arrive in San Francisco about the time of the earthquake. This anxiety was soon relieved, however, by a letter from President Joseph E. Robinson, of the California mission, from which it appeared that all the elders were safe, that not a single one of the Saints or elders received a scratch, or were hurt in any way. Nearly every room in the French Hotel was wrecked, and all the rooms were damaged, except one, in which one of the young sisters was nursing, and she went calmly to her task, and succeeded in getting her patients in the tents in a vacant lot, where they were safe. Brother Robinson further says that every room in one of the hotels was badly damaged, excepting one, where one of our elders slept, and he escaped without a scratch; like experiences were repeated in many instances. The personal effects of the elders, the records, books, furniture, and best carpets, of the mission house were removed, so that the loss is nothing to speak of. A number of the elders served in the relief corps with the Red Cross; and others, as firemen in various capacities. Another remarkable point was that the Elders spoken of, who were *en route* to Samoa and Australia, and whose names are L. L. Gardner, Salem, Utah; Wm. Keison, Cowley, Wyo; R. S. Rimington, Tooele; Mark Hardman, Osmond, Wyo., and Alex. Layton of Thatcher, Ariz., did not lose their baggage. They sailed for Honolulu on Sunday, April 29. After the transfer- and railroad baggage-men had told them that they had no chance to recover their baggage, they afterward found it intact, and piled together separate from other baggage, and undamaged. "This," says President Robinson, in a letter to Elder Geo. Reynolds, "is little short of miraculous, for the baggage men at the depot said upon seeing their checks: 'Why, boys, you have not one chance in a thousand to find your baggage'. But they were permitted to search, with the result above noted. Neither the elders, nor the baggagemen could account for the baggage being where it was found." The address of the San Francisco office has been changed to No. 501, 24th St., Oakland, Cal.



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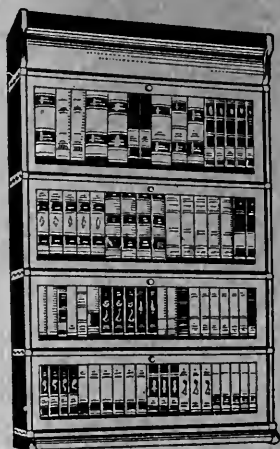
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